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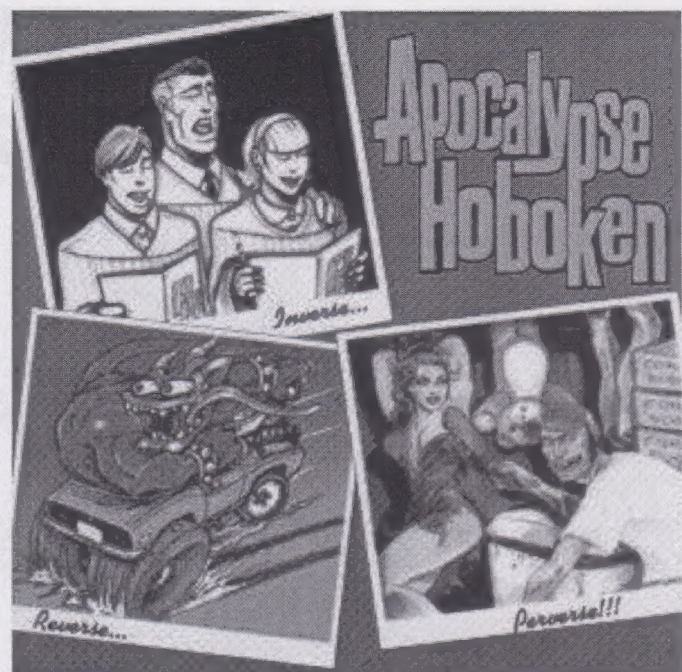
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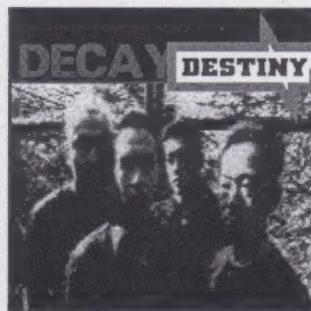


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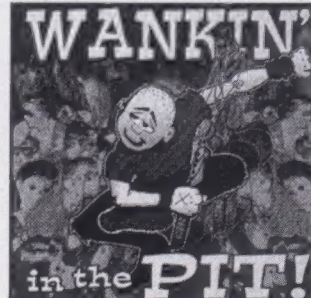


DECAY



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Grip, Mad Caddies, Fat Randy, Teen
Idols, and Infield Fly. (SH 008) \$8ppd

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RATS IN THE HALLWAY #12

"transitions"

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Opens minds through open people

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Ad rates-

Full Glass (7.25" x 10")	\$90
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Fourth Gas (3.75" x 5")	\$27.50
Sixth Page (Special price 2.25" x 5")	\$15

Checks are made payable to "Stefan Wild" and not Rats in the Hallway, and I mean it. The bank was a real hassle this time around.

Issue #13 (HWM/ Leatherface tour issue)

Deadline August 6, 1999

#13 hits the street September 29, 1999

(Some zines are crappy about street dates, we're not.)

Issue 12 finds us (and me) in transition. I am away from school and at home, away from the troubles you will read about in two pages and yet still having a blast. Went and saw a great show last night, with awesome kids and good attitudes everywhere, I hope this is just a sign of what the summer will bring.

As you may know, we're taking this issue along on the Leatherface/ Hot Water Music tour and you will not the stellar circulation of 5,000. This is a permanent change and so the ad rates went up (still the cheapest in town considering circulation) and the page count rests at 76. You'll probably notice the Star Wars back cover and Eric's cartoon and I do have to admit that I have not seen the movie in its first week.

Mike Becker is moving to London in October for ten months and so #13 will be the last issue that he will be listed in the number two slot for a year, but I would like to dedicate this issue to him and all of the other contributors. At the end of the school year, when my social life was a wreck, I packed all of my essential belongings into two boxes and lived on a mattress in Mike's dorm room for almost a week. I realized how much I want to hang out and spend more time with all of the RITH family and we're already planning all-you-can-eat Country Buffet get-togethers and birthday parties, it will be a blast.

By the next issue, things might be dramatically different, we'll see.

Thanks again to all of the contributors. Thanks to all of the Colorado bands, zines, and kids that make me want to live here, and lastly, thanks to you.

"I'm on top of the world"

Stefan Wild

Advertsing

Mike Becker

Computers and frisbee

Jonny Q

Contributors that make it all worth it:

Mike McCabe,	Justin Vamped,	Phil,
Hilary Petrock,	Brad Lewis,	Ed Mitchell,
Ross Haensler,	Kris Daub,	Paul Brighton,
Eric Rasmussen,	Dave Paco,	KAP,
Evan O'Meara,	Dan Butcher,	Seth Ferranti,
Christian Beansprout		

Reviewers:

Mike Becker, Nik Buenning, John Fisher, Dustin Hardgrove, Brad Lewis, Mike McCabe, Ed Mitchell, Hilary Petrock, Jesse Shogun, Andy + Stefan Wild

Stefans Top Ten For #12 (in no order)

1. Pinhead Circus- Everything Else is Just a Far Gone ... (BYO)
2. Leatherface/ Hot Water Music split (BYO)
3. The Beltones- Naming My Bullets ep (TKO)
4. Dogpiss- Eine Kleine Punkmusik (Honest Dons)
5. The Wayouts- Better Days (Harmless)
6. Hard Skin- Hard Nuts and Hard Cunts (Helen of Oi)
7. Hot Water Music- Live at the Hardback (No Idea)
8. Me First and the Gimme Gimmes- Are a Drag (Fat)
9. Tiltwheel, Decay, Dropkick Murphys, Sam the Butcher, Swank
10. Knowital, Mock Orange, Still Left Standing, Ataris, Inquisition

BYO WHO?

LEATHERFACE together with HOTWATERMUSIC

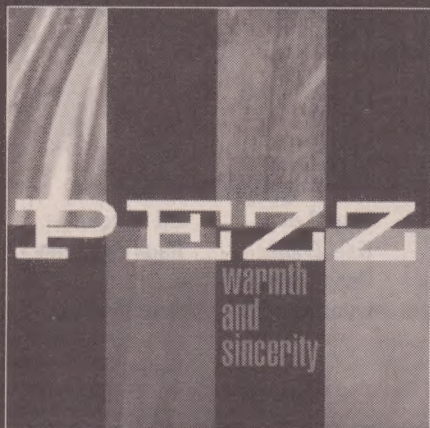
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LEATHERFACE
AND
FLORIDA'S AMAZING
HOT WATER MUSIC

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FROM THE BYO SPLIT SERIES
LATE SUMMER '99



PEZZ

WARMTH AND SINCERITY

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TO A DIFFERENT LEVEL ON THIS 10 SONG MASTERPIECE!
RECORDED BY STEVE ALBINI



OF THINGS
TO COME

the soundtrack to a snowboard film by roots megacorporation

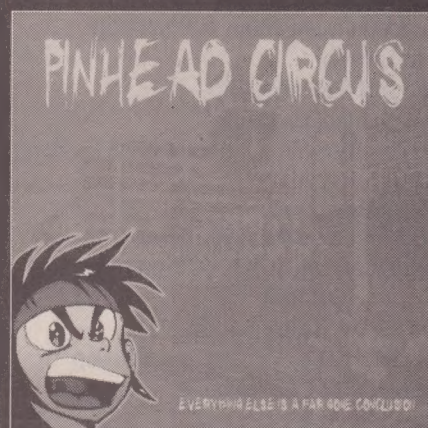
OF THINGS TO COME

VARIOUS ARTISTS

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ANTI-FLAG BOUNCING SOULS DILLINGER FOUR ERRORTYPE II
GOOD RIDDANCE HATEBREED H2O PINHEAD CIRCUS PEGBOY
PEZZ SUPERSUCKERS VOOODOO GLOW SKULLS ZEKE

A SOUNDTRACK TO A SNOWBOARD VIDEO BY ROOTS MEGACORPORATION



PINHEAD CIRCUS

EVERYTHING ELSE
IS A FAR GONE CONCLUSION

CD/LP (BYO 059)

THE 3RD FULL LENGTH BY THIS INCREDIBLE COLORADO
TRIO. INCLUDES SOON TO BE CLASSICS LIKE "ASKING FOR
A BEATING" & "JACK KNIFE POWERBOMB" WHICH SHALL
RECONFIRM THE GREATNESS OF THE CIRCUS!!!

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-SINCE 1982-



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It's been ten days of not a single word of communication and things have started to settle in. I look around me at all of the people that I know who have never had someone like I had her. They have never had a best friend that they felt 100% confident in, they have never committed so much time to a single person, and have never even dreamed of having that same amount of time committed back to themselves. Things are starting to fall in place and as much that sucks, I feel better.

Me and Hilary (if she were here it would be 'Hilary and I') have parted ways indefinitely and this might well be the last time you read that name in these pages. It has been almost five wonderful years of my life and the chapter is rapidly coming to an end. Like a poet without inspiration, I have sunken back into the dark corners where society can't reach me. I stopped emailing people and tried to keep contact only with a very small circle of people. I still laugh at the same things I always laughed but I get sad quicker than I did before. I committed myself to not breaking down and bawling despite what my friends had said about it helping me move on. Instead I turned inward, to complete introspection as I examine myself as a character in this shit play that we call life.

Yes, things have changed over the three years of this zine. If the person I was then met the person that I am now, then the person I was then would kick the person that I am now's ass. I don't hesitate to say that at all. Even subtle physical aspects, like how much my voice projects across a crowded room (much less now), have changed and I've committed myself to putting on a few pounds over the summer to keep the kids I'll be in charge of next fall in line.

It's funny how we never question daily things until things get really messed up. Really really messed up. I'm relearning the art of going out with a group on a Friday night, relearning the art of flirting, relearning the act of patience when dealing with the opposite sex.

And at the same time that is not what I want. I want something else, and she knows who she is. I will not settle for less than I have built up- the perfectionist in me would rather get my hand chopped off while building my dream house than settle for a pair of hands in a shack that I cringe to come home to every night. Maybe the answer is giving up relationships for a while. I've already been screwed over enough by punks over the years, why should I try to build friendships and open up my heart to others when I can just take the safe way out?

From now on:

- I refuse to turn off all the lights in my little dorm room except for the Christmas lights my mother sent while I rock out to MOCK ORANGE's third song.
- I refuse to jump off the back of my desk chair when ALKALINE TRIO jump into the opening wall of chords on "Cringe."
- I refuse to shake like a spaz boy when Scooter from PINHEAD CIRCUS plays the opening progression to the CRESTFALLEN cover.
- I will not get sucked into conversations with the girl selling bagels behind the counter at the town's only independent store just because she's playing THE WAYOUTS in the background.
- I promise to no longer open up the RITH/ Stefan Wild music collection to the public unless they completely fill out all the necessary waivers and leave their security deposit with the receptionist.
- I sure as hell won't drip two squirts of pee onto KAP's back seat when I find out he is also a sucker for THE WHO.
- Hell, there will be no more of this LEATHERFACE nonsense- no email list, no E-bay bidding, no lending out "Mush" to everyone I meet, no more.

I will live in a world of my own. Keep three friends while everyone else outside of those unfortunate three will have five allotted visitation minutes per month, no more. I will fall back into a state of solitary like that one Skyscraper brother and only speak when it could possibly benefit my own good. No more free rides for anyone. No more getting friends in on the guest list, nothing to no one, no matter how hard they try to crack into the iron shell I have woven around me.

But that's not it. That's just not it. I can't do it. I am now so much more grateful of everything that I have ever had and everything that I currently

have. Christian Beansprout makes me laugh when he calls and apologizes in advance for the 'column that is in the mail' which he claims is 'incoherent, psycho babbling.' I get sad to think that the opportunity to have the much anticipated RITH bar-b-que is slowly ticking away with the on again, off again moving of Justin and his Vamped! zine. I frown to think that my communication with Chris and Tammy Festerman, the former editor and wife of OUTBREAK, and good penpals throughout high school, has slowly tapered off. I'm glad to have met Virgil and even Al, who doesn't get enough credit for all of the shit he does. The RITH family is in full effect. Our ratio of male members to female members has gone to hell with the loss of Her, but I'll survive. Why? Because well survive.

Stefan Wild is not ready to hang things up just yet. I will always fall back on faith when needed. "No prisoners!" shouts the deranged psychopath vigilante terrorist group aptain, as his guerilla group storms the crowded bank. I take back not a single day of my last five years. I make no promises to the future of anything any more. RITH may be buried as the millenium catches up to us cutting edge media hores, maybe after the Leatherface/ Hot Water Music summer tour issue (#13), things will get shelved, I'll let someone else fight the battle. Until then, I will speak my mind, even if it means screwing over the bad apples in our communities. My doors are still open and I'm looking for some friends to screw my heart up again before I become a creak and twisted old fart.

I face this new challenge with a sadistic twinkling in my eye as I look over my shoulder at the growing immediate RITH army who await my final words before we charge into the nemy and certain death, and like the Ramones, I cry out, "We have the strength to endure." Oh that's right, they roke up too.



THE MESSYHAIRS



"Dead Scene"
new full length out on CD/LP



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Crestfallen// 7"

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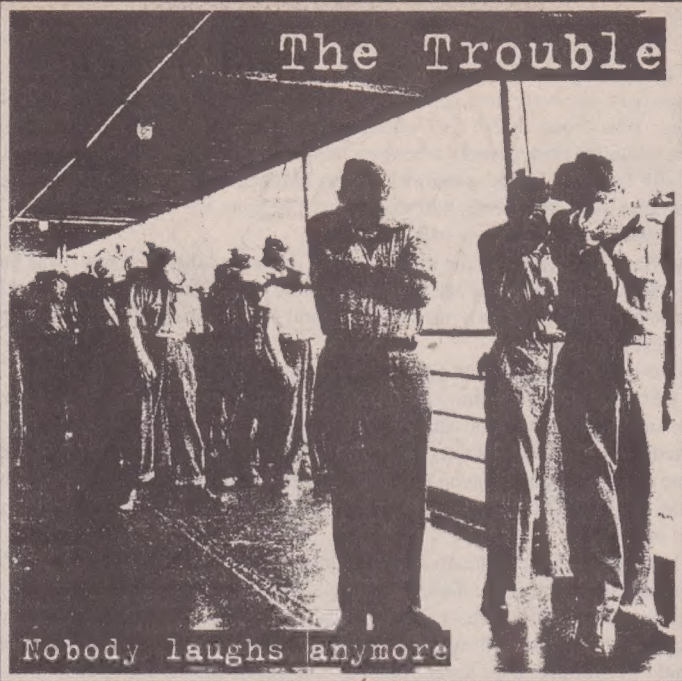
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Greg & Alex (Hepcat)
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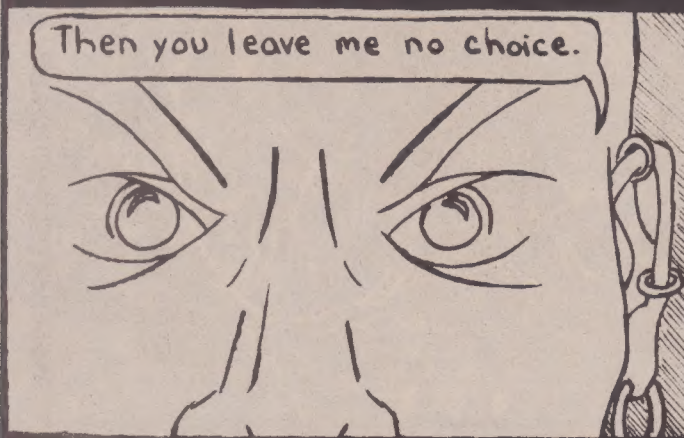
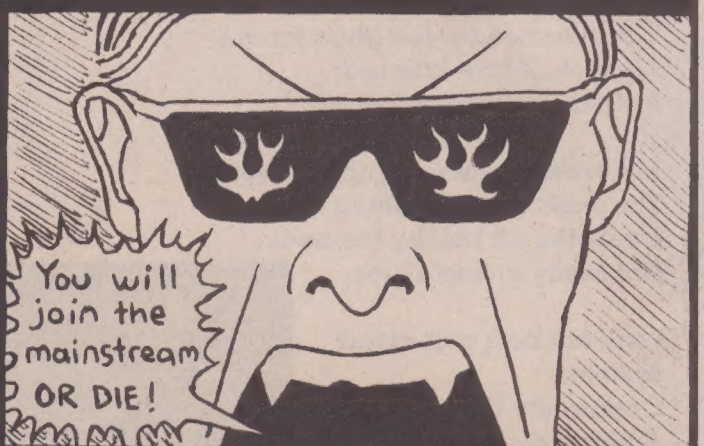
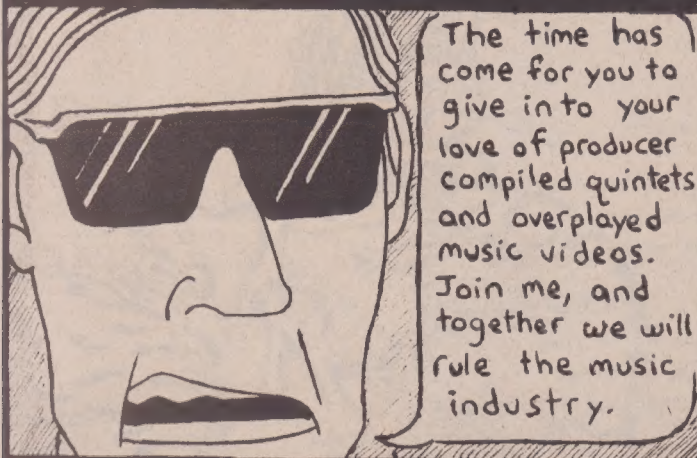


OUT NOW! on HELLcat

A NOT SO LONG TIME AGO, IN A VENUE
NOT SO FAR AWAY...

BAR WARS

THE PUNK ROCK MENACE



**Deranged-
Emotionally
Disturbed-
Trapped in the
System**

Come crashing down,
Come crashing down,
Stop.

I am not a product of the system.
I make my own rules you see.
I will not be a part of the system,
Because it fucking sucks.

I antagonize my darling mother,
As she religiously prays for me.
I find myself wanting nothing,
Because this fucking life, it sucks.

I listen up with feigned interest,
B/C words are so full of shit.
My passion burns like anger,
Torn to pieces, ripped

A casual glance turns to a stare;
The cheerleader too good for me.
My look of love ignored:
My passion turns to hatred.

My broken castle within the system;
The walls come crashing down-
I walk the pit bull by the baby,
Not really giving a fuck.

I will not be a part of this
system,
Conformity the norm- All
American.
Appearances can project
conceit,
Don't wear your fucking
emotions on your sleeve.

I am not a product of
society,
I am a rejected
suburbanite-
Thrown back into the
machine,
Mulched and mashed
together.

FROM DEEP
WITHIN THE WALLS
OF THE FEDERAL
CORRECTIONAL
INSTITUTION IN
WEST VIRGINIA

**SETH
FERRANTI**

BRINGS YOU...

Heroin

with accompanying artwork
by Robert "BC" Langdon

Match stick

Temptation true
Mother-fucking right
crystal meth-

live through me.

I'm fucking blinded
wound up past ten
fierce force of nature-

going postal.

Killing myself by addiction
to motherfucking speed
I'm all hyped up-

hearts burst.

Heroin

dancing in the shadows
hiding in the sky
coming down to earth
coming off a high
shooting up again
brown sugar into your blood
falling down the stairs of life
facedown into six feet of mud

Terrorism

Death by alcohol

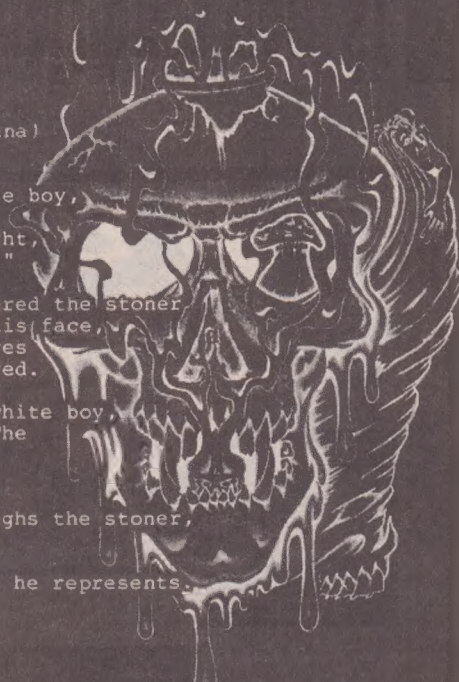
LSD Dreams (of marijuana)

"Shala," said the white boy,
"This is the one."
"Freaks me, in the night,
Lays you down to rest."

"Pass the bong," muttered the stoner
long hair-hanging in his face,
hiding his sky blue eyes
which are blood shot red.

"Try this," said the white boy.
"It's physchadelic. The
Kind- you know?"
"Laced with LSD."

"Tripping stoned," coughs the stoner,
as he melts sideways
twisting mentally to
imagine the photograph he represents.



alcohol : flowing through my veins
alcohol ? driving me insane
alcohol ; softening up my brain
alcohol - causing all the pain
alcohol / laughing as I feel
alcohol (!) making me unreal
alcohol # really not a big deal
alcohol @ my fate I seal

MR. OFFICER

Excuse me Mr Lawman
Was I speeding?
Go fuck yourself b/c
You're breaking the LAW by stopping me

Land of the free
Home of the brave
Aren't you proud to be AMERICAN?

MAY FIRST, NINETEEN NINETY NINE



RETURN OF THE DEAD MENACE

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likes of Propagandhi,
Avail, Chumbawamba,
Moral Crux, D.O.A. Hot
Water Music, Submission
Hold...



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compact disc

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Seperation and Saidiwas!

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CHRISTIAN BEANSPROUT IS..

PUNK POP

Since I was about sixteen years old, I've had this "fuck nationality" view. What I mean is, I've never seen the point in all of this "proud to be Irish," "viva Chicano," "New Afrikan" bullshit. It's just a waste of time. We're all HUMAN! So let's deal with what's really important. While that hasn't really changed all that much over the years, I'm finding that culture and ethnicity does indeed have it's place in a personal identity, whether for "pride," or for knowing where you came from and where you may happen to be going in a multicultural society.

My daughter is half Taiwanese, half Euro-mutt. Her mother is a child of first generation immigrants from Taiwan; I am predominantly Finnish and Irish, with globs of Polish and a tiny bit of Native American blood (Cherokee and Pohatan). Not that this makes for a confused child, necessarily; it obviously didn't for me. But then again, I blended just fine into a dominant white culture, and I also had BOTH of my parents to turn to, when I was curious about my ethnic background (which wasn't really ever an issue for me). Bailey, on the other hand, sees her mother and the Taiwanese side of her family so infrequently, she ends up missing out on any cultural difference (of which there is a world of) between her mother's side of the family and my side. This may not pose any immediate problems, but they will materialize as she gets older.

I recently read the stories of two Korean women who had been adopted by white families as very young children, in **Bamboo Girl #8** (see the review elsewhere, this issue). These women both had differing experiences growing up in white families, in predominantly all white neighborhoods and schools. One of them experienced extreme racism and adversity, just about every step of the way, while the other seemed to have it much easier, though both had rude awakenings to the "ethnicity question" when they got older. It was extremely fortunate for both of them that they had very loving, supportive parents (something all children deserve).

This got me to thinking about just how devoid Bailey's life is, at least where the knowledge of her unique lineage and the cultural backgrounds of her parents' families are concerned. I pride myself on the diversity I've embraced, whether it's merely at the dinner table, or in the forms of decor and entertainment in our home. But that isn't



enough. I scarcely know a fucking thing about Finnish culture, aside from knowing that most ethnically Finnish food I've tasted straight sucks, and somehow I am to impart this knowledge to her? And maybe I know a lot more about Asian culture than the average guy, in Cowtown, Colorado, but I do not pretend to know much of anything inherently Taiwanese to impart to my daughter. There are no Chinese schools, where I can send her to learn to read and write Fukienese (that's her grandparents' native language. When I first started dating her mother, I would tell family

and friends back here that I was involved with a "Fukinese" girl. How's that for white guy enlightenment?). The only interaction she has with Taiwanese people comes in the form of phone calls and letters from family (which isn't all that helpful for a three-year-old). Otherwise, it's Asian Barbie dolls, MULAN, and La Choy or Chung King, canned chow mein. That's a burnt deal.

I imagine Bailey in a second grade classroom, full of white and Hispanic kids, giving a report about her "family tree." The other kids laugh at the funny names. She tells the class that she is Finnish and Irish, and the teacher humiliates her, by telling her she is "wrong." This is a situation that happened to one of the Korean women I spoke of earlier. No, Bailey would not

be wrong in saying that, but visually anyone can tell that that is not entirely the case. Growing up in a white community will not impart all that she needs to know about herself. It's always been my perspective that White American Culture is NOT culture at all. It's a defunct, crass consumerism at best, and most of us white folks don't know our own ancestry or the differing cultures we descended from at all. Nor do we seem to care. How would we approach it if we were all biracial?

There really isn't any cut and dried answer to this dilemma for me. My fiancée and I plan to relocate to the Left Coast at some point after our wedding, where we will feel better (much more at home) and where Bailey can have the interaction with her family and other Taiwanese children that she truly does need. In the meantime, I have yet to find any educational materials, books on Taiwan that a three-year-old can grasp, and next to no Taiwanese children for her to interact with. While this doesn't seem to affect her so much, it does me, as I see the incredible importance of it all, and as she becomes quite the novelty item to the adults and children she interacts with, here in Cowtown. I'm not really sure what to do, but I am open to suggestions, if any other parents of biracial children are reading this, or if someone knows of a Taiwanese cultural center in Colorado. Please be in touch if you are "in the know."

Endnote Board

- It's really very easy to call yourself a "single" parent, when you don't receive child support, have an endless slew of "important" paperwork to fill out that discounts your mate, unless you are legally married, and when insurance companies won't cover your significant other without proof of marriage. It's almost a benefit to say you're a "single" parent when you can get subsidies, grants, and other benefits merely for being a single, working parent. I say it an awful lot, but I AM NOT A SINGLE PARENT. I have a wonderful, amazing fiancée, Shelly, who takes a very active role in raising Bailey with me, who seems not to have been given much credit for it, in this column. When I first started writing for Rats, we were not living together, in fact, we had a lot of oppressive factors standing in the way of us spending a lot of time together (she's ten years younger than me, you figure it out). Shortly after though, she and I elevated those problems, and she has been the best stepmommy and friend to Bailey, and the biggest help and inspiration to me. I wanted to give her the

recognition that I felt I unintentionally didn't grant her, and to let everyone out there know that I've got the most beautiful, wonderful girls in the universe living with me, and I'M NOT SHARING!

-Last issue, I mentioned my friend Courtney's silkscreening business, well it's NOT Psychic Sparkplug. He worked with a partner who's deal was PS, but that seems to be a thing of the past. He goes under the name Lucky Mule, and you can find a shitload of his shirt designs at Imi Jimi in Denver, but if you don't want to pay jacked-up prices for killer shirts, send him a stamp for a catalog. Lucky Mule, P.O. Box 78128, San Francisco, CA 94107.

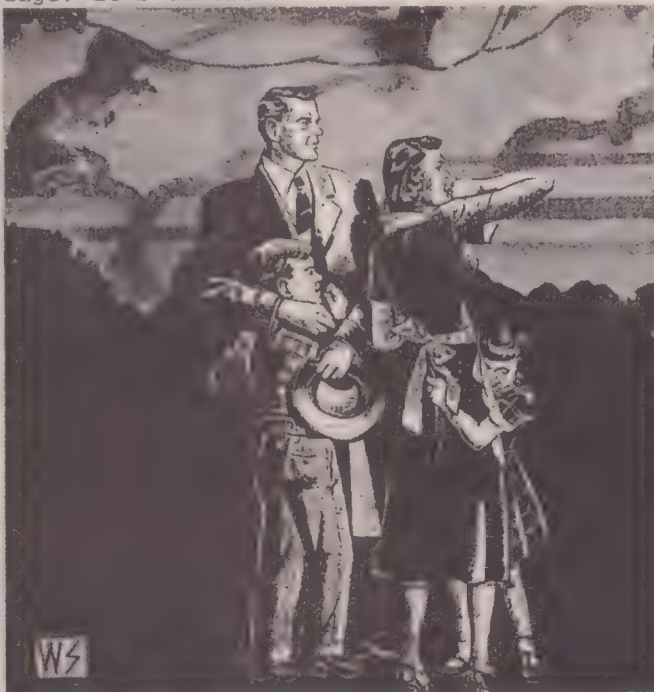
-Speaking of Courtney, he plays drums in the Demonics. I wrote a review of their new, full length last issue, and for some odd reason, about the equivalent of two and a half sentences was deleted from the final copy. Not that it matters, but it rocks and you should go out and buy one RIGHT FUCKING NOW, and dear Stefan should not fall asleep at the keyboard.

-Alright ... I've had a buttload of people tell me they'd hook me up with a copy of the U.N.'s Childrens' Bill of Rights, and NO ONE has delivered. Come on people! Put up or shut up! I'm still patiently waiting. And as for all of you punk parents out there ... I'm not gonna beg, but I'd like to think some of you would like to be added to a networking list, if one can be compiled. You can't make a network list without contacts!

-Anyone out there have any issues of **The Fifth Path**, **Scam #2**, or vinyl from Oi Polloi, Concrete Sox, LXRm, Ripcord, or Amebix you wanna sell, trade, or give to a less fortunate guy, like me? Let me know. I'm also desperately searching for the "Very Small World" 2 x Lp, "Vinyl Retentive" 2 x Lp, and "Can of Pork" 2 x Lp, and A.M.Q.A.'s "Cats are Neat" 7", as well.

-I'm sure Justin mentioned something in his endnotes as well, but **Thirteen #5** and **Vamped! #3** are a split issue, as we were both compiling issues on sexual assault. Work is currently being done, and it should be available in the latter part of May... if we actually work on it, instead of getting together and working on beer.

-As always, comments, criticism, money, food stamps, oddities, conspiracy shit, and religious art should be placed in the mail, addressed to: Christian Beansprout, Post Office Box 1943, Greeley, Colorado 80632-1943. If I'm slow getting back to you it's because I'm a huge procrastinator, and I'm fucking fat!



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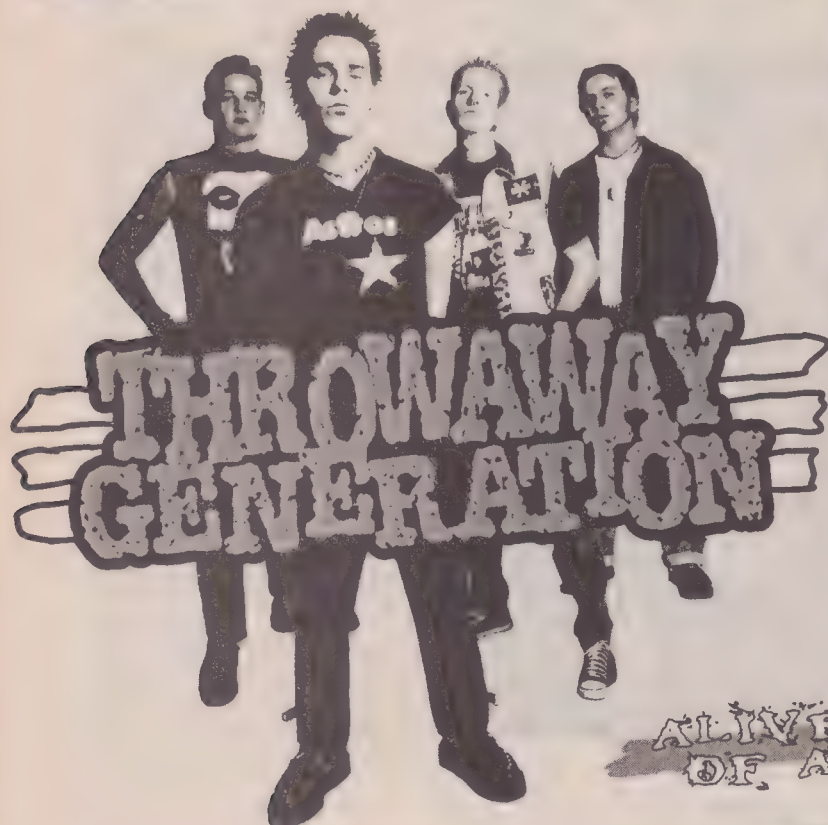
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Sodbuster

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On the edge of town, the glowing arrow hung on the facade of the dilapidated warehouse, pointing west towards California. When the last tenants abandoned the building, no one had bothered to take down the sign. Now, a year or more

later, it stuck out; it was isolated, out of context. It was oblivious to the surrounding decay of the town.

Two blocks to the east, Dean Alger pushed a hand straight back through his sandy, wind-tousled hair. Squinting from the sun and blowing dust, he tapped the back of the crumpled pack of Lucky Strikes and a single filterless cigarette slid half-way out. The smoke held jauntily between his chapped lips, he struck a match on the fly of his jeans, and leaned back, legs crossed, against the glass window of the diner. He shielded the flame with his other hand and raised it to his face. A cloud of smoke wafted out from behind the callused hand. His eyes scanned the deserted street in vain for the reassuring bounce of tumbleweed. Dean took a long pull from his smoke and sauntered into the diner. The loop of metal bells jangled as the door swung shut behind him. As soon as he entered, Dean could feel her presence at the far end of the counter. He adjusted the fur collar of his leather jacket and sat down on a round black stool.

He twisted his head around to his right, where an old couple sat huddled in a booth over cups of coffee. A man in an apron and a white paper cap took his order, then disappeared into the kitchen. Scowling, Dean took a drag, then slowly pressed the butt into the ancient aluminum ashtray as smoke flowed from his nostrils. With his usual careless squint, he glanced to his left down the counter. She looked up, and his eyes were locked to hers longer than he would have liked. He looked down at the counter, his face rigid. When he had gathered himself, he looked back at her with a hint of a smile that didn't commit himself one way or the other. He nodded, and spoke in a low, straightforward tone: "How's it going." Her silky brown hair caressed the counter as she tilted her head in reply, fearlessly holding his glance. The man in white slid a steaming plate of eggs and bacon down the counter, and Dean turned his attention to his food.

She was beautiful. Dean was distracted by the healthy color of her skin, her disheveled dress, her thick, delicate lips. He was relieved by the sight of her seasoned, able hands. She was real. When he closed his eyes, he saw her clear, perceptive look. Her eyes emanated confidence with a barely-noticeable afterthought of vulnerability that was impossible to trust. Her look drilled home the fact that she didn't give a fuck about anyone, while the air about her radiated amusement and self-awareness. He turned to her again and started up a conversation. As they talked the chimes of a merry-go-round and the shouts of children at play bounced around the diner. He sank into a trance, with no idea what was coming out of his mouth. She spoke with an aloof charm. Dean couldn't tell whether or not he imagined the tiny hint of playfulness in her. He didn't notice himself opening up.

Dean snapped back into reality. His food was cold. He began to listen to their conversation. Her voice was warm, soothing. They were comfortable together. He pictured her in his future. Her hazel eyes, her voice, the way she bites her lip when she's thinking, the rhythm of her fingers tapping the counter... His hands clenched into fists and he turned away. His eyes crept wide open with fear. He raised a finger for the check. His features stiffened. He tossed some money on the counter, nodded to the girl, and walked out of the diner. The frenzied clanking of the bells drew her confused stare to the door as it thundered shut.

Dean zipped up his leather jacket and flipped up his collar to shield himself from the gusts of biting sand clouds. He buried his hands in his pockets and walked faster than usual. A warehouse loomed up ahead. Dean passed under the arrow, heading in the direction it pointed as if following its command. The sun, hidden behind darkening clouds, followed him west.

Dan Butcher

rats - page 13

TEMPLARS

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Rap Attack: Invincible

My brother has a tattoo on his calf that says "carpe diem" in Chinese characters. We've never discussed it at length, but it seems that seizing the day is based in his feelings toward personal mortality, and not the invincible teenage glow on my twenty-one year old face last night. Then Don Gutbucket flailed one step out of control.

The whole week built up to this night, three great bands raising money for a good cause and celebrating the release of Shogun's first CD. Those seven days of boredom led to my cagey anticipation of another landmark Acama House party, another chance to revel in pure music. I wanted to stand

up front and rock along for the whole show, but eventually stood rock still, watching as Don pulled his guitar upward to the sky, and with the crashing force of a lumber-jack chopping away at a redwood, caught my cheek just below the eye. At first, the idealistic adrenaline pumping through my brain prevented conscious inventory of my face. Then my body began its first response in a protective tear that fell from my left eye. Immediately I worried about a life spent relegated to a pirate's eye-patch existence. Chris Distort was the first to examine my head. "Ah, don't worry. It's nuth..." he hedged. "Fuck! You better get something on that." The blood started to trickle down my cheek as fretting faces showed concern with wrinkled brows. The crowd parted like the Red Sea in front of Moses as I raced for the fridge to grab another beer to numb the intensifying sting. The music continued without missing a beat while I cleaned up in the bathroom.

When I returned to the front, Don's frenetic pace was reduced to a cross-legged vigil on the floor. Everyone fell victim to a guilt-induced reserved show in the wake of Five-Day Messiah's first casualty. Ironically, we joked earlier in the day how they hadn't made it through a set without breaking something. I was glad to aide in upholding tradition.

After a few more beers and apologies, I needed to piss. With my wound now reduced to an exuberant shave gone awry, the tissue paper that covered it served only to increase the outward appearance of severity, and made for a great conversation starter. While the party moved to the front lawn, I walked to the side of Acama. Unzipping my fly and using my left hand to guide the urine neatly into a bush, I brushed up against a bottle in my right pocket. The trashcan ahead begged for a skill shot, and in focussing on the right hand, I lost sight of the left. The next thing I felt was the warm stream flowing down my pants leg, reminiscent of third grade at Bradley Hills Elementary and thirty-eight-year olds under one parachute. One day back then, a slightly obese youngster lost in the excitement of gym class relieved himself in a puddle on the floor. Alexis noticed,

which forced me to use my five seconds dancing at the water fountain like a lunatic, spraying water everywhere, to cover up my shadowy indiscretion. 13 years later and not much had changed as I walked around the remainder of the evening with a jacket tied around my waist. Still laughing through new scars, still trying to keep embarrassment an inside joke.

Now the bathroom mirror reflects a black eye fraught with happy tragedy. Like tattoos, scars are a physical memory of a specific moment

in your life. My mom always gets pissed with every new tattoo my brother has done and every new scar on my body. She sees them as marks of a blemished existence. We see them like photo albums, each worth a thousand words, I use these marks to help bang out the dents in the armor of my attempt to remain immortal, like another notch on the bedpost of joyous memory.

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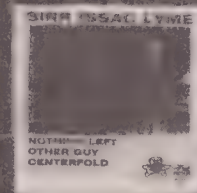


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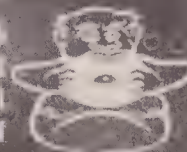
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MOMMY, CAN I GO OUT AND KILL TONIGHT

By Kris Daub with accompanying pictures by Stefan Wild

Two o'clock in the afternoon was Travis's favorite time of the morning.

Travis stood in the bathroom, wearing only a pair of white boxer shorts. The right side of his short brown hair stood straight up, due to his preference to sleeping on that side. His eyes were more red than white, and he hadn't shaved in at least three days. Travis bent down, splashing the some water from the sink on his face. The cool water felt good, but a shower is what he needed. Travis dropped his boxers onto the tile and pulled back the curtain.

Travis considered himself a pretty experienced person. He had only been alive for twenty five years but he had seen a lot of things. He had seen a man eat a gallon of mayonnaise in one sitting. He had seen a kid choke to death on his own vomit. He had even seen a woman have sex with a donkey. But he had never seen a corpse in his bath tub before.

He assumed it was a corpse. It was certainly a body. A middle aged, balding body, whose skin was an ashen gray color. He was packed into the bathtub with a large quantity of ice that was quickly becoming water. Travis noticed with a frown that the man's arm was hanging out of the tub. The hand only had three fingers on it, and it disheartened Travis to discover he was standing in a small puddle of blood that had formed due to the drippage of the digitless stumps.

"Fuck!" he yelled, lifting his bloody foot out of the crimson puddle.

Travis was careful to keep his foot off the ground as he reached around to retrieve a towel off of the rack. As he began to wipe his foot he noticed that the man was looking at him. Suddenly aware of his nudity, he quickly pulled the curtain closed. He put his underwear back on and went to find Eddie.

He found him lying on the couch watching a movie. He was wearing what he always wore, a pair of khaki pants and a white wife beater. Eddie noticed Travis's entrance and then looked back to the TV.

"Look at this shit Trav," he said indicating his movie.

There was a naked woman in the woods, running from something. When the demon, or whatever it was supposed to be, finally caught her, it grabbed her head in a giant clawed hand. With a lot of ripping and tearing sounds, the girls head was ripped off of her shoulders and cast aside. Then the demon, or whatever it was, picked up the headless body and began to drink the girl's blood from the open neck.

"I mean, this is disgusting, but its not making me puke," Eddie said.

"Why don't you have a look in my

bath tub?"

"Oh that, there were two of them and I only had enough room for one in my tub."

"There's another one?"

"Yeah, it's a chick. She's pretty hot. Or at least she was. I mean she's still attractive, but she's dead." His position on the couch had not changed.

"Ok, I guess my question is, Why the fuck is there a dead guy in my bath tub?"

"I told you, I only had enough ro."

"No," Travis interrupted, pausing to repress his frustration at his roommate's exasperating semantics, "Why are there two corpses in our apartment at all?"

"I told you Monday that I got a new job," Eddie said as if that explained anything.

"You got a job storing dead bodies in bath tubs."

"That's not all, there's also a suitcase full of heroin under the kitchen table."

"What?"

"Ok, there's no heroin under the table, that was just a little joke."

Eddie chuckled soundlessly to himself. Travis sat down on the couch that was perpendicular to the one Eddie occupied.

"Are you going to make me ask about every little detail, or are you going to tell me what's going on."

Eddie rolled his eyes and put the movie on pause. Travis was sure it was no accident that it was the image of a topless woman.

"Listen," he said sitting up so he could see his roommate, "Chase came over a couple of nights ago and was wondering if I wanted to make a quick five thousand dollars. I told him yes."

Now it was Travis's turn to roll his eyes. Chase. That explained it. He and Eddie had been friends ever since high school, and now Chase was a criminal in every sense of the word. He was a pimp, a drug dealer, a thug, if it was illegal or at least morally reprehensible he was your man. Unfortunately for Travis he had a big influence on Eddie.

"He's paying you five grand to keep dead people in our apartment?"

"No. The mob is paying me five thousand dollars to hide two people that were recently executed until, they come to dispose of the bodies."

"This is your idea of gainful employment?"

"Should I get some gay ass job at some fast food joint? Fuck minimum wage, it's practically slavery."

Travis's forehead furrowed for a moment.

"What's my cut?" Travis asked.



MOMMY CAN I GO OUT AND KILL TONIGHT

"What do you mean?" Eddie seemed confused.

"One of 'em is in my fucking bathroom, I want a cut of the money."

"Well they're only paying me a grand, so, I guess I could give you four hundred. That seems fair to me."

"You just told me they were paying you five grand a second ago, fuck you I want two thousand."

Eddie's nostrils flared. His ineptness at lying had cost him dearly. He mentally cursed his big mouth.

"Fifteen hundred. That's not bad for not doing shit."

"Hmmm," Travis said, not really considering the offer, "Fuck off, I want two thousand, I almost had a heart attack this morning for Christ's sake. Not to mention the fact that you never once mentioned to me that we would be storing corpses for the mob. Besides you owe me five hundred bucks anyway."

"Whatever," Eddie conceded, and began the movie playing again.

"How long are they going to be here?"

"They'll be gone by tonight."

"Is the mob just going to carry the bodies out to the parking lot?"

"No. They're gonna use those," Eddie indicated the kitchen.

Travis turned and looked, wondering why he hadn't seen the monstrosities when he had come in. Standing in the corner like two upholstered pillars were two very large pieces of carpet. Travis, wanting to ignore the entire situation, got up and went into the kitchen. He headed straight for the refrigerator.

"We're out of beer," Eddie stated from the couch, a half empty bottle in his grasp.

Travis didn't bother to open the door.

"You think those mob guys would mind taking three corpses away tonight?" Travis said to Eddie flatly.

"They only have two carpets, so they probably woul-"

"Shut up, Eddie. It was a rhetorical question."

Eddie returned his attention to the TV again.

Travis went to the cupboard and removed a bowl and a box of Lucky Charms. He turned back the flaps on the box and poured the cereal into the bowl. As per usual, Eddie, or one of his cohorts, had picked all of the marshmallows out, leaving only the sugared, dry dog food morsels. It had ceased to piss Travis off months ago. It was pointless to angry at Eddie.

When he had first moved in, Eddie had insisted that he stay there for free. His parents owned the complex, and Travis had accepted graciously. He now realized that his free room was costing him more than any rent could have.

Travis took a deep breath and turned to the fridge to get some milk. Milk. It was his only salvation. Eddie hated it, and would therefore not drink it or mistreat it in any way. Travis had to find happiness in even the slightest victories. He poured the milk and took his breakfast to the table in the dining area. He set out the paper so he could read it while he ate. It was a week old, but the comics never seemed to be affected by his tardiness. No sooner had he eaten two bites, when he heard a toilet flushing.

Will walked out of Eddie's bathroom.

"Hey Ed, you were right she is pretty hot, but I'm telling you right now those things are real."

Will was another of Eddie's close friends. He was a short, Italian kid with an enormous chip on his shoulder. What he lacked in

height he more than made up for in bulk. He was as Travis's father would have said, built like a brick shit house. Will walked down the short hallway and sat down on the couch where Travis had been earlier.

"They don't feel real to me," Eddie said.

"That's only 'cause they're cold."

"Naw, they're fake man. I know the difference between fake tits and real ones."

"Hey Trav, you think they're real?" Rob asked.

Travis shook his head "no" without taking his eyes off of his reading. Will seemed disappointed that he was not of the majority opinion.

"Speaking of tits," Eddie said to Travis, "Jessica called earlier, she wanted to have lunch or some shit."

Travis looked at his watch, it was 2:30.

"When did she call?"

"Couple of hours ago. I told her you were sleeping it off and that you would probably stay in bed most of the day."

Travis was angry until he realized that Eddie was right. He finished his cereal and added the bowl the growing mountain of dishes in the sink.

"Ed. Where the fuck is Guadeloupe?"

"You mean Juanita? She quit a week ago."

"Are we getting a replacement?"

"I don't know."

The answer was sufficient for Travis. He went back to his room to his room to get dressed so he could go out for coffee.

Jessica was the only thing at the coffee shop Travis liked. He hated coffee. He hated the taste of it. He hated the muggy foot smell of it. Most of all he hated the people that drank it. He wasn't sure what other coffee shops were like, but he had been in the one Jessica worked at enough to form an image.

It wasn't as if Travis had any personal grudge against the people, by all accounts they were just as lazy and shiftless as he was. He couldn't quite put his finger on why, all he knew was that he didn't like them.

As Travis stepped into the shop, he immediately felt out of place. He had thrown on a pair of baggy jeans and a plain white tee-



shirt. His erect hair had been contained by a black baseball cap that he wore low over his eyes. He didn't have any piercings in his face, and it seemed like he was the only one who had resisted the urge to wear all black clothing.

Jessica saw Travis come in and turned to talk with the guy she was working with. Maybe it was the hangover, but even at work Travis thought she looked good. Her long brown hair was so light that it was almost blond. It seemed to move of its own volition in a wavy sort of seduction. Her smile was slight, more of a twist of her lip, though it had

MOMMY CAN I GO OUT AND KILL

an effect that made Travis's headache seem less intense. She came out from behind the counter and walked straight toward Travis.

"You look like shit, Travis," Jessica said, her lip curling ever so slightly.

She reached out and hugged him.

"So, what did you want this morning?" Travis asked.

"I had the afternoon shift, I thought you might want to have lunch together before Brian gets back from England."

"Why would his return from *England* bother me?"

"Because you hate him, and the only time you ever talk to me is when he is not around."

"Can we go for a walk?" Travis offered.

"Yeah, I'm on break, let's go."

They left the dim coffee shop and walked out into the sun. Travis pulled out a pair of Oakley's from his pocket and put them on.

"So what have you been up to? It's been a while since we've talked," Jessica said.

"I've been keeping busy. Same old, same old, mostly. How's your dad?"

"The treatment is working for now. He's sick a lot, though. It would mean a lot to him if you stopped by to say hello."

"I doubt that. You're much more forgiving than he is."

"He's not the kind of man to hold a grudge especially when he's close to dying."

"Maybe."

They walked silently for a while. Travis was suspicious as to why she had called him, they hadn't spoken in almost a month, and he was curious as to what she wanted. He wasn't having much luck figuring it out, since most of his mental faculties were entertaining the idea of fucking her. The concrete buildings abruptly changed to green foliage as they entered the city park. They stopped at a bench and sat down.

"What are you doing tonight?" Jessica asked in a matter of fact way that put Travis on his guard.

"Why?"

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"What's that?"

"I need some help raising some money for med school in the fall."

Travis suddenly knew how Indiana Jones felt when he realized there was too much sand in the bag he used to replace the little golden idol. He needed to get the fuck out of the temple. Jessica was a lot like Eddie when it came to creative entrepreneurship. Unfortunately it was almost impossible to deny Jessica anything.

"You need me to help you sell some cookies or something."

"No, I need you in more a manly capacity."

Travis smiled, "You want to make a porno."

"Not quite."

Jessica's eyes sparkled as she began to tell him her plan. The more Travis heard, the better storing corpses for the mob sounded.

That night Travis found himself sitting in a corner booth of a dimly lit singles bar. He had shaved and donned a collared shirt and pants. His part of the plan had been to acquire a hefty dose of Ruhipnol from Eddie and then meet Jessica at this bar at eight o'clock.

He had given her the drugs and found himself a place to sit. He ordered a beer and a two double shots of whiskey. This was going to be a long night, and if he had a conscience left, it was going to be silenced by the liquor.

He could see Jessica from his vantage point. She was wearing a tight black dress. One of the long ones with the cut up to the hip along the side. It was Travis's favorite kind, and his only say in the plan. He watched her work on the guy she had selected. He was the kind of guy a girl like Jessica would never have picked up at a bar. He was about 5'9" and had less than an athletic build. The bottom buttons of his shirt bulged at the strain of keeping his ample stomach contained. He slouched in a defeated posture that didn't exactly scream catch of the day. Travis gave him the codename: Mr. X.

Travis wondered why it didn't bother this man that such a gorgeous girl was hitting on him so avidly. This line of thinking brought Travis to realize it was the same reason he was sitting in the bar waiting to help Jessica. It was her smile. It was her dark sense of humor. It was her ability to make whatever you said seem like the most important words ever spoken. Moreover it was her ability to use all of these things like the Jedi Mind trick to persuade people to do what she wanted, and make them think they wanted it too.

Travis attempted to find solace in the fact that he recognized he was being used. He convinced himself that he was her friend, and he wasn't being manipulated. They were friends, she had helped him out of jams before, but a little voice in the back of his head kept a persistent mantra: "She's good at what she does, certainly good enough to fool you."

Travis downed his two shots and began to drink his beer. Jessica was laughing, presumably at something Mr. X said. Mr. X ordered another round of drinks and Jessica's plan was set into motion. The little voice persisted and Travis began to think about his life in general. His two best "friends" were both using him as part of illegal, if not appallingly amoral plots whose only goal was the accumulation of material wealth. Travis wondered which bothered him more, the fact that he was their willing partner, or that his apathy was so boundless that he didn't really see anything wrong with what they were doing.

Jessica was still smiling, slowly getting closer to her prey. Mr. X seemed to be quite proud of his deft seduction of such a beautiful woman. He was now quite animated, his posture had straightened. Jessica had him by the nose.

Jessica and Mr. X got up and they walked out, arm in arm. Travis left some money on the table and followed them out. He was to meet her in the parking lot and help her get Mr. X into his car. Travis was nothing more than a thug, that was all right because he liked easy jobs. He needed to make sure Mr. X did not suddenly regain his senses and foil their plot.

As he stepped out of the bar, he saw the couple stumbling toward the parking lot ahead of him. The night air was warm and there was no wind. Travis easily overtook the pair and walked by them. He caught a look from Jessica as he passed by, everything was going as planned.

All of Travis's initial assumptions as to Mr. X's character were shown to be accurate the instant his bloated form was crammed into Travis's white Jetta. He had a odor that made Travis think of his great grandfather. Jessica had dropped him into the passenger side, while she sat in the back seat. Travis started the car and left the parking lot.

Mr. X began to snore softly.

"Looks like you two made it just in time," Travis said.

"Take the next left," Jessica said.

"I know where we're going. So who is this guy?"

"Do you really want to know his name?"

"Just trying to make conversation."

"Did everything go ok with the hotel?"

"Yeah. We even get HBO."

Jessica leaned up between the front seats and rested her chin on Travis's shoulder.

"You wanna go to a movie after we're done?"



"Your treat?"

"Of course."

The hotel was less than two miles from the bar. When they arrived Travis parked the car and got out. The semi conscious Mr. X was

Philip Renolds

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MOMMY CAN I GO OUT AND

pictures by Stefan Wild

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a lot easier to get into the car than the fully unconscious version was to get out. Travis grabbed his chubby arm and unceremoniously pulled him out of the car. Once the body was popped out of the car, Travis was able to get a grip on him under his shoulders. Mr. X's arm pits were soaked with perspiration. Travis made a mental note to bring gloves the next time he did something like this. Jessica took the keys from Travis

and opened the door. With a slight grunt of effort Travis dragged their victim into room 134 of the hotel.

Jessica went back to the car and opened the trunk. She removed a small white cooler along with a black book sized case, and then shut the door. She then joined Travis and the very unfortunate business man in the hotel room.

There were times when Travis was sure there was no God. There were other times when he was not

so sure. This was one of those times. There were something that just worked out in a way that could not have happened had it not been guided by a sentient power. Call it whatever you will, God, fate, chance, it didn't matter. Whatever its name was out there and it had a very sick sense of humor.

Travis had managed to get the body onto one of the beds. Jessica set down a cooler on the floor, and walked over to the bed. She set down a black case on the bed and then she began unbuttoning Mr. X's shirt. Mr. X had a silver cross on a chain around his neck.

"What do you need me to do?" Travis asked.

"Just hang out this won't take very long."

Jessica pulled open Mr. X's eyelids one by one to make sure he was completely out. She then opened her black case. Removing a scalpel from the case she cut the man's undershirt down the center.

Travis sat down in a chair and turned on the TV.

"Travis, please. I need to concentrate."

Travis shut off the TV and looked around for something to occupy his time with. His eyes found a wallet on the floor. More precisely, Mr. X's wallet. It had fallen out when he had dragged in the body. Travis got out of his chair and picked up the wallet. It was a black leather, tri-fold job that had ridges in it so it looked like snake skin. It had two twenty dollar bills and six five's. There was an American Express card and a thick stack of business cards. Travis took one out.

Travis put the card back with the others and continued his prying. The only other things in the wallet were pictures. The first one in the plastic was a picture of two very happy looking people. One was a woman in a beautiful white wedding dress. The other was Phil in a tux. Travis flipped to the next picture. It was of Philip and a little girl. She was smiling brightly, and Philip seemed very happy as well. There was also a card with the Lord's prayer printed on the picture of a beach.

"Awww...shit..shit..shit..SHIT!"

"What's up Jess?"

"He's got a scar."

Travis got up and looked at where Jessica was pointing. Philip had a scar running down the left side of the bottom of his back. Travis looked back at the picture. He flipped it over and saw some child like writing:

"To Philip, the man that gave me my life back. The greatest uncle a little girl could ever have."

"Looks like he already gave it away," Travis's attempt at levity did not have the desired effect. He showed her the picture.

"We've gotta go back to the bar. Find someone else."

Travis looked at his watch.

"I'll call Eddie to get some mo-"

"We don't have time for that, we'll just have to improvise."

This was a night whose success hinged on the successful removal of a kidney for sale on the black market, the last thing it needed was improvisation.

"It's obvious that this guy can live with only one kidney. And I'm no doctor but I think he needs the one he's got left."

Jessica closed her eyes and ran her hand through her hair. Travis smiled at his own maleness.

"I'm not a monster, I'm not going to kill this fat bastard," she said finally.

"That wasn't my point. But ok. We'll just try this again tomorrow."

"I have to get it tonight. The liquid nitrogen will only keep it fresh for 24 hours. I have to deliver it to the airport tomorrow when I go to pick up Brian. That's why I had to wait 'till the last fucking minute to do this. Shit! You live your life the best you can and when you really fucking need it, this bullshit universe sends you a cock up the ass. God

dammit! I pick Dudley Dowright here for a simple fucking operation that he had the dipshit idea of doing it to save some whiny bastard cunt that will probably become a useless house wife."

Eddie called this her drunken pirate mode. Travis wondered how a mouth that pretty could spew such filth. He wanted her more than ever, maybe with an eyepatch and a whip...

"You were trying to steal this guy's kidney. It's kind of ironic." Travis said with a smile, "besides, there's plenty of fish in the sea."

Jessica slowly regained her composure.



MOMMY CAN I GO OUT AND KILL TONIGHT

The blood that had rushed into her face began to recede. Her eyes still held onto that fire though, and Travis had second thoughts about the whip.

"We've got to do something with this guy."

"I'll call Eddie and have him come over to help you with your next catch. I'll take care of this guy."

"Ok, sure, whatever, thanks Trav."

Jessica pinched him on the ass and sat down on the bed. The remote control was on a steel wire that was attached to the nightstand. She pulled on the cord until the remote appeared. She turned on the TV and began to flick through the channels.

Eddie liked cocaine.

He wasn't the sort of person who would surrender his life to it, but he was independently wealthy and had a lot of free time. He could have quit anytime he wanted to, and that was not some kind of crack head truth. For all of his shortcoming, Eddie knew that life was enjoyed through the happy medium.

Eddie had a degree in chemistry. A good major for an aspiring drug dealer. But it wasn't his current profession that he had aspired to in his youth. He had wanted to find a good job as a chemist, find a girl and settle down. He had loved children, he had wanted hundreds of them.

That was before he learned about a 14-year-old boy from Massachusetts named

Jesse Harding Pomeroy. More prominently known as The Boy Fiend. Jesse had spent a record 59 years in jail. According to the story (which Eddie researched avidly to determine its validity) the Boy Fiend had a way with little children. He would take four-year-old boys into the woods, tying them to trees. He would beat them and stick them with pins. The ones he did not brutally murder were scared physically and mentally, for life. Most of the bodies were so maimed that not even their parents could recognize them by sight.

Eddie had decided not to chance it and got a vasectomy. He did not want children anymore. This new found knowledge had sent Eddie on a paranoid rampage. His reasoning was that if even little kids were capable of such acts, the world was shitty place indeed. This realization brought him to conclude that no one was innocent.

This is not to say that Eddie became a monster or a psychopath, he just had a different way of looking at life. He was intelligent. He had always been in accelerated programs in school. He had a mother and father that loved him. All the advantages a normal boy could ever ask for.

Eddie and Travis had met in college. If Eddie was close to normal, Travis was as far from that description as anyone could possibly fathom. Travis had wanted to be a psychologist, but had neither the talent nor the drive to make it a reality. He had been in college long after Eddie had graduated.

Travis was one of the few people that Eddie liked. Not because he could score off of him, or get a good whore at a decent price from him, but because he was someone you could count on when the shit hit the fan. He had given him a place to live and the party hadn't stopped since then. He didn't have to pay rent, and he got his booze and drugs from Eddie for free. Travis never had a job, but he always had some money. Eddie was the last person to think of prying into another man's earning habits.

Eddie inhaled his favorite meal off of the coffee table and sat back. His heart's rhythmic beating began to quicken its pace. Eddie got up off the couch and put on his shoes.

The phone rang.

Eddie turned his head toward the sound.

The phone rang again, this time from the opposite side of the room. Eddie cursed the technology that had robbed him of the corded phone.

"Where the fuck are you, you, you ringing demon! I know your in here."

Searching his memory for the last time he had used the phone, Eddie ran to the bathroom. This time the ring was loud a distinct. Eddie took the phone from the back of the toilet and pressed the talk button and sat down on the toilet.

"Eddie's discount whore emporium and discount drug, this is Eddie speaking."

"Eddie it's me. What are you doing?" It was Travis.

"I was just about to go out and party, what's up?"

"Me and Jessica need your help."

"Jessica and I."

"What?"

"You said 'Me and Jessica.' The proper way."

"Get your high ass over to the Brimsfeild Best Western."

"I'll be there in about ten minutes."

"Are those bodies gone yet?"

"Yeah they got 'picked up about an hour ago," Eddie said as he stared at the naked woman in his tub, "Good thing too. They were really starting to stink."

"Room 134. Later."

Eddie pressed the talk button again and set the phone down in the floor. Come to think of it Eddie really liked Jessica too, she always seemed to find a good time.

Eddie arrived at the hotel four minutes ahead of schedule. He was happy to see that he would not have a boring night. He walked into the room without knocking.

"What's up, Eddie?" Travis said.

Eddie slapped him five.

"You tell me?"

"We're on a little financial endeavor," Jessica said.

Eddie turned his attention to Jessica:

"You look a hot as ever. That is an amazing dress."

"It's not the dress that's amazing," Jessica answered.

Eddie looked down at the body on the bed.

"It looks like you guys have an interesting night planned."

"Things don't always go according to planned,"

Travis said, "Jess'll fill you in on the way to the bar."

Jessica got up from the bed and took Eddie's hand.

"See you later sweetheart," Jessica said and then blew a kiss to Travis.



The door shut, Travis took a deep breath. He looked down at the two red pills that Eddie had just given him. Popping them into his mouth, he turned to Phil.

MOMMY CAN I

"Philip. You and me have a lot in common," he at down next to the motionless body on the bed, "We're both a sucker for a pretty face. Well Phil it's been fun talking to you but, we have a train to catch."

Jessica sat in the car with Eddie, detailing to him what he was supposed to do. They didn't have any more Ruhipnol, so Eddie would have to be "creative" in sedating the man she chose. Her voice spoke the words, but her mind was on other matters.

By any standard Jessica was a self-made woman. Her father had been a man of meager means. He lived in poverty so that he could provide for his daughter's education, but when he was diagnosed with prostate cancer, that money had a more important use. Jessica understood, and had been financially independent ever since.

She had met Eddie through Will for whom she was working for at the time. She had paid for her college, but he post-graduate studies had come with a significantly higher price tag. She had to do what she had to do. But she would not go back to the way it was. She learned a lot about herself while she was working for Will. Things Will would someday regret teaching her.

"So you want me clock some guy in the head with a bat, so you can cut out his fucking kidney?"

"Pretty much," Jessica said absently.

"No wonder Trav likes you so much, you're a sick fuck just like he is."

"Kindred spirits, I guess."

"How's that Brian guy doing."

"He gets back tomorrow."

"That guy is the last person I would have guessed you'd be with. He must have a huge dick."

"You jealous?"

"Damn straight."

"You had your chance."

"She was a two bit whore, it didn't mean shit."

"So was I."

"You might have sold your body for money, but you were never a whore. Trust me I know what a whore is like."

"Don't try to be sweet, it doesn't suit you."

Eddie shrugged. He said crazy shit when he was high.

"Turn here," Jessica said.

Eddie turned the car into the parking lot of a bar he thought he would never see again. Jessica had picked this place on purpose. Eddie marveled at the way things from the past shaped the present.

Travis's white Jetta flew out of the city at well over the speed limit. Phil's bloated body bounced and shook with each bump in the road. He would groan everyone in a while, but Travis hit him in the face, and there was no reaction so he was pretty sure Phil was already down for the count.

It was amazing how the city just stopped. Four miles out on the highway and there wasn't a man made structure anywhere on the horizon. The road was the only proof that man had conquered this part of the earth. The road and the train tracks.

Travis looked at his watch, he made it with five and a half minutes to spare.

"Come on you bastard, it's time to see if you have good karma," he said as he got out of the car.

There was slight breeze and a full moon. This far from town the

moon's light was enough to read by. Travis walked around the car and opened the door. Phil's head hit the pavement with a thud. The rest of his body followed quickly after and Phil ended up in a pile of middle aged

flesh.

"Thanks," Travis said.

The awkward position made it difficult, but Travis grabbed hold of the stinky man's feet and dragged Phil's motionless body toward the tracks.

Gathering his strength, Travis towed the body along the tracks, away from the road. He could hear the distant sound of the approaching train and quickened his pace. Even with the moon's light, Travis had a hard time seeing his car from his present location, so he decided he had gone far enough. He dropped the body onto the tracks and stood up straight.



"Let's see if that God of yours is looking out for you tonight. I mean you gave one of your kidneys away to save a little girl, maybe he'll take pity on you and let you die quickly."

Travis turned around and walked back to his car. The sound of the train only got louder.

Jessica could not believe her luck. All she wanted was a kidney. A simple request. At least she thought so, but it did not seem as if it was meant to be. To be fair, Eddie had done his job with the utmost

competence, but it was not enough to overcome whatever power was fucking with her life.

Jessica kicked open the hotel room door and practically carried Eddie into the room. His dragging feet left a trail of blood from the car to the bed. She dropped him onto the bed and sat down to think. She had a decision to make. Eddie was dying. He had been shot twice, once in the stomach and once in the thigh. His white tee-shirt that she had tied around his leg as a makeshift bandage, was now red and wet with the blood. His stomach was like a disgusting volcano, belching and spewing gory fluid. There wasn't much Jessica could do about it,



without a hospital.

The chances were that he would die, even with medical

"He got shot."

"By who?"

MOMMY CAN

attention. The hospital would certainly not let her take what she needed, and if he was going to die anyway, he might as well do some good. She reached for the scalpel she had left on the bed. She looked at the cold, sharp edge. It caught her attention like matches had when she was a child. The light on the knife's edge seemed to dance.

Jessica started out of her trance and got to work.

Eddie's blood was warm and slick, and it was still flowing out of the wound. Jessica took a pair of latex gloves out of her pocket and continued with her surgery.

Taking a strip of gauze from her case, she tried in vain to wipe the blood away from her target site. It was like trying to dig a hole in the sand, new blood kept replacing the old.

"God dammit Eddie," she cursed, "quit bleeding so fast."

Images blurred through Travis's peripheral vision so quickly that it seemed like he was in a tunnel. The single streetlights blurred together into a solid bar of yellow. It was almost two in the morning now, and Travis had the streets to himself. Suddenly Travis's stomach reminded him that he had not eaten anything since that morning.

He had gone back to the hotel room after he was done with Phil, but he had gotten bored there all by himself so he left in search of adventure. Finding none he had ended up in the Burger King across from the Wal-mart. Only the drive through had been open, and he had not had time to eat his dinner yet.

The hotel appeared on the right side of the street and Travis almost missed the turn. His speed-heightened reflexes narrowly missed the curb and he saw with satisfaction that Eddie's car was there. Hopefully Jessica had not started the surgery yet, he wanted to watch. It wasn't everyday that you saw a guy's kidney removed in a thirty dollar a night hotel. He parked next to Eddie.

The world seemed quiet with the engine turned off. A slight drizzle had begun to fall from the sky, a sort of spray more than real rain. Travis could see the tiny beads of water that were seemingly forming on his windshield. He grabbed his food and got out of the car.

That's when he saw the blood. It wasn't very much, a couple of drips accented by larger splotches. It led straight into his room. Travis ignored it and went to the door. He knocked this time.

"Hey it's me."

He opened the door and was immediately met with Jessica's green eyes. She looked at him for a moment then she turned back to what she was doing. That was when Travis noticed who it was bleeding on the bed.

"What the fuck happened to Eddie?"

Jessica did not answer, she just kept cutting. Travis dropped his brown bag of grease and grabbed a hold of her. He spun her around so that she was facing him. He waited for her to speak.

"Get your fucking hands off of me."

Travis let go of her arm.

"It's not what you think," she said matter of factly.

"Then what is it?"

"Whom," Jessica corrected.

Travis hurried over to the other side of the bed and began slapping Eddie in the face.

"Eddie, man, can you hear me? Wake up for fuck's sake."

Eddie's head rolled with each slap, but there was no other response.

"We've gotta get him to a hospital," Travis told Jessica.

"Travis. He's dead, or at least so close that he might as well be. I'm almost done with what I need to do here. We can talk when I'm finished."

"You're not going to cut out his fucking kidney, how did he get shot?"

Travis's head swam. He closed his eyes and got a grip on himself. Jessica continued to diligently remove his left kidney. Her hands were now dripping with Eddie's blood, but she knew what she was doing. She would be done in a couple more minutes.

Travis sat down in a chair. He took a deep breath. Eddie was dead. He was fucking dead. Jessica was, at least, indirectly responsible, but what was done was done. There wasn't much he could do about the situation, he didn't even have all of the facts.

"Will you hand me the cooler?"

Travis sat still in his chair.

"Travis. Travis! Get me that fucking cooler."

Travis furrowed his brow for a second and then got up. He took the cooler and handed it to Jessica. She opened the lid and put her buried treasure into it. She closed the lid and looked up at Travis.

"Let me wash up and then we can leave."

"We're just going to leave him here?"

"Yes."

Jessica went into the bathroom and closed the door. Travis found his attention settling on his friend. He was a dick, but he had always been honest with Travis, and had never really done any harm. He looked at the closed bathroom door. He had known Jess a long time. They had been through a lot together, granted she had been through a lot more on her own. He had supported the kidney idea, but he didn't know how he felt about that kidney being one of his best friend's. His now *dead* best friend's kidney. If Eddie was still alive he would have appreciated the humor in the situation.

The bathroom door opened and Jessica came out looking as if

she had just stopped in for a quick piss. She kissed Travis on the cheek and did that thing with her lip again. Her bloodstained blouse was replaced with a plain white tee shirt.

"Let's go Trav."

Travis followed her out of the room, glancing back one more time at his bloodstained friend. His face was pale, and his ever-present smirk was gone. Travis closed the door behind him and stepped outside. The slight drizzle had become a heavy downpour and Travis wondered if the next train would be late. He also wondered if Jessica was wearing

Pinhead Circus

at the Raven





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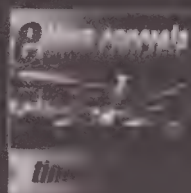
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Non-standard college lifestyles

The first in a series on
alternatives to 'normal' college life

By **MEGAN BRIGGS**

I've considered myself sXe for the last three years, but have always lived the lifestyle. I first learned about sXe when I met Ed (columnist and reviewer for RITH, and one of my best friends). That was when I first became involved in the punk scene and finally felt accepted for my choice, which was really important to me in the early days of high school when you feel like every step you take is being watched and judged. So for me, being able to label my convictions made my life a lot easier. As time passed, though, I began to notice stereotypes that, as sXe, I was suddenly being associated with that never--in any way, shape, or form--represented what being sXe meant to me. You hear the stories of the militant hardline kids carving X's into people's foreheads, and that was what I was being labeled as. Suddenly the X took on a whole new meaning for me, one that I wasn't sure I wanted. I called myself drug-free for awhile, but I've gradually began calling myself sXe again. My reason for this is simple--I made up my mind that sXe is what I make it for myself, let others think what they wish. It shaped who I've become over the last few years, not just by keeping me drug-free but through the music and the people, and the other choices that go along with being sXe other than abstaining from drugs.


This new mentality really took shape when I left Evergreen for Amherst, MA, to attend Hampshire College. This wonderful liberal arts institution, which I am pleased to call my home, is also home to many, many hippies. Most of these people are really okay, some have the obnoxious mentality of peace and love and I'm a vegan but I still smoke a lot of pot. But they're a hell of a lot better than the greek system, which I am happy to say Hampshire never bought into. But where there's hippies, there's usually a lot of drugs. When I applied I was thrilled to see that substance-free housing was offered, as one of my biggest fears of college was having to live with the drunken party next door. For the most part, living on a substance-free hall has been a good experience. There are a few people who have chosen to live here not because they really are substance-free, but because they also didn't want to have to deal with the noise and obnoxious behavior. These people are pretty respectful of the substance-free designation, they do what they do off the hall and keep it there. But I was looking forward to living with people who have made the same choice as me, who not only respect but understand.

I have met quite a few kids who choose to live drug-free lifestyles. These kids could call themselves sXe if they wanted to, but for the most part none of them want to label themselves. The first person I met was Justin, who calls himself old school sXe. He follows the philosophy outlined by Minor Threat: "Don't drink, don't smoke, don't fuck, at least I can fucking think." As Mark stated, who was in the peanut gallery during my chat with Justin, that's what's different from calling yourself sXe and calling yourself drug-free. There's the not fucking and the thinking. For Justin, sXe begins and ends with this-- "anything past that exasperates a controversy that never should

have been there in the first place." He compares veganism and other choices that represent the sXe lifestyle for some people as being to sXe as Catholicism is to the trinity: both are valid in their own right, but the trinity and sXe are the basis of the philosophy, and incorporating anything else devalues it; it shouldn't define it.

He calls sXe "punk with giving a shit." (I really like this.) It's rising above the expectations of society--get through high school and become a "normal" college student (read: drug experimentation is just a part of college life). It's about not being a statistic. He takes what I see as being a rather controversial standpoint on staying true and falling off the edge: "I'm not saying that sXe has to be a life decision but I think it should be made with as much thought as possible so if you do it for your life you know that's what you want." He's also completely supportive of kids who haven't always been sXe becoming so. He admits to smoking pot twice and sees it as an experience that backs up his decision to be sXe now. He shouldn't have to explain it.

This was supposed to be a great article with three different people presenting their views, but everyone else gimped out on me so you just get Justin and I for now. Which is a little disappointing for me, as I was hoping to present a broad spectrum of kids who live the lifestyle but don't want the label. Since I can't technically quote anyone without talking to them, I'll just give my brief synopsis of how others feel about this. For the most part, kids I've talked to just never got into drugs, and stayed away from them. The majority have made a commitment to themselves based on their morals and better judgment, and are every bit as sure as someone who calls themselves sXe. So to get to the point and end of this column, sXe is a label. Some kids like to have it, to connect themselves to the scene or the music, or simply to make their commitment known. And some prefer to go without, happy and confident in their choices. And for me, I've determined that sXe is more of an influence in how I live my life, rather than defining who I am. It's a fine line that took me awhile to distinguish.



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THIS TIME JUSTIN VAMPED BABY BOOMER SUZY

It all started with an editorial in the Denver Post. Some self-righteous Baby-Boomer; white as unsullied chalk(of course), undoubtedly a suburb-dwellin', SUV drivin', 2.5 kid birthin', Park meadows shoppin', bleedin' heart schmuck, had the audacity to claim that, with the exception of a few fringe loonies, racism was dead.

No longer was the ol' mornin' sitdown an epic battle, numbing the legs and draining what little energy I've got left.

Now, for whatever reason, it usually takes the neurons in charge of my eyes at least an hour and a half to realize that the rest of my body has awakened and needs desperately the service of the eyes. Suffice to say I can't see shit when I wake up. Some mornings I realize I've forgotten to put on my glasses, but most of the time, glasses or no, it's like watchin', a movie screened by a drunken, near-sighted stoner. So I read the column again, confident that it was a trick of the eyes that had lead me to perceive that the columnist had made such a ludicrous claim. On second reading, however, I noticed that not only had she made the absurd assertion that racism was dead, but SHE ACTUALLY TOOK CREDIT FOR ITS DEMISE!!

She didn't come right out and claim that she, Suzy Whitebread Perfectwife, had single-handedly eradicated racism no, she at least still has brains enough to comprehend the absurdity of such a claim-but the way she coded her column made the claim for her. By utilizing inclusive pronouns such as 'we', she claimed as her own the generation that supposedly Changed the World, subtly implying not only complicity, but direct participation on her part. Perhaps I'm overly cynical, but my guess is that her participation was limited to a few Doors-and maybe even Hendrix, if she was particularly progressive-albums, a bong here and there, and maybe even (gasp!) SEX with her BOYfriend OUTSIDE of WEDLOCK (somebody hose me down all this radicalism is too much for me to take!). My guess is that she grips her purse close to her body with one hand whilst drawing her children around her in a protective circle whenever anything of Omar Dia's hue approaches.

Ever since that day, I've made an effort to at least skim the newspaper columns instead of simply skipping directly to the only relevant section of the paper-the comics (the only section that admits its

fictionality), and have noticed a disturbing trend: Baby Boomers-the generation that jeered Vietnam and cheered Desert Storm; who in their youth eschewed gas-guzzling amerikkkan autos in favor of efficient (for their time) German alternatives but now in middle age insist that their vehicles be ridiculously large and get no more than 35 feet to the gallon (note to self: investigate link between absurdly large SUVs and laughably tiny penises of their drivers); who insisted on wimmin's equality but still subjugate their wives, thereby perpetuating the patriarchal system they supposedly subverted; who 'freed' themselves from religious bondage at 20 but returned fanatically at 40; who pledged allegiance to racial unity but refuse to fund inner-city schools; who preached revolution but split when Bobby Seale went to prison for picking up the gun; etc-are claiming that they CHANGED THE WORLD, and are having a dandy time patting themselves on the back as they sit, comfortably encased in \$200,000 shrines away from the noise and pollution of the city, smugly relating their youthful radicalism and self-aggrandizing 'progressiveness' to their 2.5 blond-haired, blue-eyed future cheerleaders (read: fuck machines) and all-star quarterbacks (read: rapists [in its absolute broadest sense]).

And what did they change? Well, last time I went to work, racism was not only alive but flourishing like Nazi money in a Swiss bank, judging by the 'negro' jokes and racist stereotypes dominating break-room conversation (Blacks are to be suspected if in the building after hours, but [insert name of any black athlete] is a great guy, and so on). And believe me, while the people I work with certainly qualify as loons, they're not on the 'fringe', as Mrs. Perfectwhitewife Columnist would have you believe-these are average, everyday, RACIST amerikkkans. Most don't even realize that they are racist. They're just repeating

their parents' words, mimicking the t.v., acting in perfect accordance with the society they are a product of. And, last time I found myself in a 'bad' (or, low-income, if you harbor p.c. leanings) neighborhood, the majority of faces I passed were not the same paste- color that I see in the bathroom mirror every morning. Let's not even mention the rise in prison populations caused mainly by a crack-down on such benign substances as marijuana while heroin and crack are readily available, especially in poor areas, all condoned by the same assholes who once chanted 'Free Huey!' along with the demonstrators on t.v. Oh, and how about that (hetero) Sexual Revolution-it was so revolutionary and so complete that images of the human body are still banned, kids learn about sex from the Fox Network, little girls pattern



TAKES ON WHITEBREAD

themselves after Ally McBarbie, and queers are still beaten down for the 'offense' of displaying affection anywhere but in the closet. The forty-hour workweek is pushing sixty, without a commensurate rise in wages. Puritanical violence . . .

Enough already. I could go on and on, but I've probably given you a headache. I get one just thinking about Boomers, but maybe it's just the exhaust fumes emanating from those fucking behemoths they drive. It's the headache that precedes the nausea that signals the onset of the fear that my own generation-the so-called 'Lost Generation'-will succumb to the same self-congratulatory masterbatory pretension that I love to criticize in prior generations. What will become of the Punk Generation? What will become of you? Will the punks change the world? or will we merely 'do our time' in the scene and then split, college degrees tucked 'neath our arms, keys to that new Lexus velvety between our fingers as we contemplate our meteoric rise to the top of the company power structure and hence, pay-scale, and then warm ourselves around the fire at night with our safe homes, heterosexualized children, and doting spouses, spinning yarns about the 'Days when' and the 'Rallies That' and the 'Actions We'? or, will we live up to our own potential and face

ARROGANT PERFECTWIFE

the world not on our parents, terms, the Baby Boomers' terms, the Churches', nor the Institution's, but on our OWN terms? Will we remain relevant, despite having advanced in age? Will we succumb, or will we subvert?

@ The lease on my PO Box expires June 30, and as I will be transplanting myself to another part of the country around that same time, I've no plans to renew it. So, don't mail anything to the Vamped, address after, say, June 15th. If you do, it may very well fall into the hands of an unamused redneck who will probably respond by besetting your own box with unspeakable horrors.

@ The forthcoming Vamped!/13 split issue 'zine will definitely be the final paper issue of Vampedi, and may very well be the last Vamped! ever. I can't promise that I won't annoy you in the future with other zines, columns, or pamphlets, but be reassured that if I do, it'll either be Vamped! in an electronic format (for reasons I don't want to get into here but will happily [o.k., grudgingly] delineate in letter form should you write in and ask), or else an entirely new entity equally as annoying as its predecessor.



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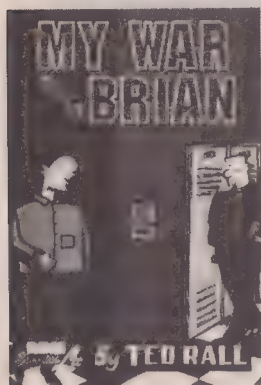
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B O O K R E V I E W S

Literature as reviewed by Stefan

I've always wanted to include book reviews and so here they are. Hopefully over time we can always keep a steady of 3-10 books coming to be reviewed. In this section I hope to highlight some less mainstream books put out there so I encourage even readers to let me know if they have some recommendations. ++++++

My favorites are two great pieces called "Dear Santa" and "Nice Warm Day" ("think i'll wear my DON'T GIVE ME CPR IF I DROP JUST LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE t-shirt"). Cammer's style is unique, his words funny and the ideas revolting yet oh so true and more than anything, it is this that grabs the reader's attention, even if they disliked poetry as much as I did.



My War With Brian

By Ted Rall

60 pages, NBM Comics Lit.

This is a great tale of junior high angst from an author who lived this very experience. My War With Brian, through text and cartoons, tells the story of abuse by a dumb jock named Brian on the intelligent and witty Clash-loving Rall. The text colorfully accompanies Rall's cartoons and carries us along much like a longer Calvin and Hobbes sketch. The great thing about cartoons is that artist

can create whatever scene and setting that he wants to. Thus the details of the events that took place in Ohio are limitless and Ted can get away with showing the bully ripping his head and body to shreds in the locker room. But I don't want you to think that the situation was a one-way punching bag, with Ted ending up with the short end of the stick. No, our poor junior high victim gets in plenty of shots of his own as he steals and trashes Brian's Jeep after earlier slamming Brian's face repeatedly in a locker door. But most importantly, Rall gives a great conclusion at the end, attributing much of his character and strength now to the torture he received in Ohio. The reader is happy to hear that lessons have been learned from the experience and that Rall's biggest revenge is the happiness that he has now achieved. That is of course until we find out ourselves at the very last page of the book, depicting Ted still dreaming late at night of going back to Ohio, finding Brian and killing him. Some things never change.



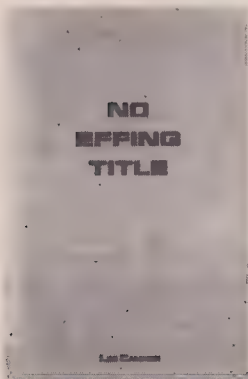
Flesh Unlimited

By Guillaume Appolinaire

188 pages, Velvet

Guillaume Appolinaire is a French author from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries who was known for his inspiring of the cubism and dadism that would emerge in the early twentieth century. This is the first time that these two works ("The Eleven Thousand Rods" and "The Memoirs of a Young Don Juan") have been translated into English and now they are both available in this one book. I

have never really been familiar with what the literal genre 'erotica' really entailed, but have now been formally introduced through the reading of Flesh Unlimited. The first story tells the tale of a twenty-something lost prince who roams pre-World War Europe and his adventures with the many women whom he encounters along the way. More often than not, things get down and dirty in every way and shape imaginable and Guillaume Appolinaire presents this in a very entertaining and amusing fashion. The second story follows in the same manner, this time detailing the experiences in which a young boy first encounters sexual activity with his maids, his aunts, his sister's friends and all. Today's society would definitely view this second tale as a sick story indeed and at times I had to skip a few pages. But the book overall is very entertaining and will arouse you at times but mostly make you laugh out loud (I did) at the author's frankness and recounting of silly details. A great introduction into erotica as embarrassing as that may sound.



No Effing Title

By Les Cammer

64 pages, Amazing Experiences Press

Poetry has never been an interest of mine. Yeah, I enjoy song lyrics by artsy bands that one could easily classify as poetry, but I never saw what was so damn great about

lame coffee house readings by posers in glasses that they don't need (I think I just made some enemies, but bear with me). Les Cammer is different. This guy really speaks to me, probably because most of his work is so damn funny that you'll find me rolling around on the floor. I'm extremely tempted to rip poems out of No Effing Title and quote them here but know that I could not punctuate and separate the lines in the unique way that Cammer does.



Oxymoron

I caught up to the Oi band Oxymoron when they played with the Dropkick Murphys at the Bluebird. It was on the 20th of April, which as many of you might know was the day of the Columbine High School shooting. This was also the day, I've been told, that Hitler was born. I was glad that that each band somehow paid tribute to the Columbine kids, either by having a moment of silence, or by dedicating a song or two to them. The crowd was unusually respectful about the moments of silences, which don't usually work all too great at punk shows. The coverage on the shooting, as I left that night, talked about possible Nazi motives – and it was interesting to talk to Oxymoron about their dealings with racism. This show had some really great music, but when I left I felt relieved. I think there was a great deal of unusual tension at the show. I think this might have transferred over to the interview, as it actually started off really rough, but they ended up warming up to us by the end. All questions preceded by a * are asked by me, Mike Becker – all questions preceded by a # are asked by drunk Spencer (who was actually sober here) – pictures were taken by Jon Fisher—Stefan did the layout.



Oxymoron:

**Okay let me get your names and what you do for the band.*

Bjorn: I'm Bjorn and I play drums. A lot of drums.

Sucker: I'm Sucker (pronounced like sue-coor), and vocals with guitar.

**Do you follow soccer/football over in Germany?*

Sucker: Not really, only...

Bjorn: Only mainland European tournaments and championships. That's fine.

**Do a lot of your fans follow soccer out there?*

Sucker: Some of them.

Bjorn: Yeah. It's pretty big. It's like baseball in the USA, or football –ya know. So I'm sure that they do.

**What you do think about all the violence in the soccer matches?*

Bjorn: We don't have anything to do with football anyways.

**Do you enjoy hanging out in the local pubs in Germany? Any favorites?*

Sucker: Well we have to. (mentions some undecipherable German pub)

Bjorn: The one's that close very late.

(Another band member walks up and sits down quietly)

**So who's the quiet one in the band – what's your name?*

Martin: My name is Martin.

Sucker: But the real quiet one isn't here.

**The real quiet one?*

Sucker: yeah, the real quiet one.

**Then he must be really quiet.*

**(talking to Sucker) So is sucker your nickname, or what's the story behind it?*

Sucker: It's suukooir, it's my last name, my surname.

**Have you run into any trouble with Americans translating it to 'Sucker', or any mis-conceptions behind that?*

Sucker: Well a lot of people think that it's pronounced sucker, but it's not.

**We're just ignorant Americans.*

Sucker: Even people in Germany think it's sucker.

Bjorn: They call him a sucker.

Sucker: But it's suukooir

**Suukooir?*

Bjorn: Yes, Suukooir.

Sucker: Shall I show you my I.D.

**No I think that's ok.*

**What kind of following do you have out in Germany, how would you describe the kids that show up when you play?*

Sucker: In Germany it's mainly skinheads and a couple of punks. There are more skins in the crowd when we play in Germany than anywhere else I'm sure. Which is kind of strange.

Bjorn: I think it's kind of the fashion right now, with the skinhead image and everything else.

**Do you commonly play outside of Germany in other countries throughout Europe?*

Sucker: We just came off a three week tour through Germany and the surrounding countries, and when we get back home we're on tour again for most of the fall throughout most of the European countries. We've played in all the countries that are worth touring; like England, France, Spain, Netherlands, Czech Republic a couple of times.

Bjorn: And Germany.

Sucker: Yeah, Germany.

**Do you sing in English when you're in Germany, or do you change all the lyrics to German?*

Bjorn: No it's all in English.

**Nothing in German?*

Sucker: No.

**Do the kids give you crap for being a German band that sings in English? Do they want you to sing in German?*

Sucker: Well it's not unusual in Germany, in Europe anywhere, to sing in English. A lot of bands do. Especially the eastern part of Germany they ask why we don't sing in German, because they weren't taught English in school. When the wall came down they knew Russian, and they don't understand a word that we sing. Meanwhile it's better. A lot of German Oi bands sing in German, but it's nothing special.

Bjorn: But it's different over there, then if say a band comes here, to the US, and would sing in German. In Germany or in England, it's nothing new.

**How did the wall coming down change your lives, and do you see evidence of division still?*

Sucker: In the long term it's better that Germany is united again. It's bigger and well know I see there are nice things in the eastern part of Germany, and very nice people. When the walls fell down, I was working and paying a little bit more taxes (laughs at the understatement of 'a little bit' (I think)) and a lot of people were angry. But now I think it is good. Germany is bigger.

**Is there any political turmoil left over from the whole process?*

Sucker: I think actually there is an invisible barrier between East and West because Western Germans always tell jokes about Eastern Germans and stuff like that. When the wall came down in the first place, politically the eastern part of Germany went extremely right wing. It's gotten better over the last couple of years, and at the moment it's declining anyway. First,

there's been loads of Nazis in the eastern part. That was what a lot of people didn't understand, because that was one of the reason that they didn't want to re-unite



the whole country -because they didn't feel any similarities to the eastern part anymore, because it was a different generation now. A lot of people thought that the best thing to do was to build a different country out of the old one's boundaries. A free one, but a different and separate one.

Bjorn: It was communist, and a lot of the young people changed and became Nazis of some sort. This is kind of luck, but I saw some coarse on the t.v. that said that in the eastern part of Germany, 2% of the people in big cities are foreigners, like Negroes and Turkish, but in the Western part of Germany, in the big cities - Like Hamburg or Berlin - like 18 or 20% are foreigners, like Turkish mainly - but like 90% of umm, how do I say, 90% violent fights against foreigners. Do you know what I mean?

**Like 90% of violent crimes against foreigners are in eastern Germany?*

Bjorn: Yes. That is still.

Sucker: It just turned into the extreme opposite (of what it was), they got full communist education before, and they told them what to think. But now it is the opposite, and they say that everything before hand was crap. So they had to choose a different, a new extreme, and that was the Fascist and racist.

**Do you see that turning to the extreme as a growing problem, or is it now receding?*

Sucker: It's receding.

Bjorn: It's getting better.

Sucker: They have learned a lot of things in the last couple of years. When we play eastern Germany now,

it's totally different than a couple of years before, because now we enjoy playing it. There are open-minded people, who aren't all fed up – they're still enthusiastic about bands playing and stuff like that. In western Germany many people are bored with live shows and don't go there anymore—too cool for that—East Germany people still go in masses. Huge crowds of people, hundreds of people, western German it's just an old thing.

**What are the main difference that you see between the European scenes and the American scenes?*

Bjorn: To offer an answer to this question, I think it's nearly similar. Because in each place the scene changes from each city to city. But I think here what's different, and I personally like, there is a little bit more of a mix between people who are hardcore, punk and skinheads. But it still changes from city to city here too. But it's nearly similar.

**Any funny stories with run-ins with the law or the police either here or in the homeland?*

(Laughter)

Sucker: Here? Yes, we do. He will tell you.

Bjorn: You want me to?

(speaking German)

Sucker: The first experience we had with the cops over here on this tour was that me and Martin nearly got arrested in New York City for drinking in the public. We had paper bags over the cans, ahhhh, we're really angry with that.

**Did you spend anytime in jail or de-tox—how did it turn out?*

Sucker: No, we told them, hey we're German and we didn't know. We spoke some German and stuff, but we surely knew. But we didn't tell them. It was for saving.

Bjorn: But it's easy to forget too. A lot.

Sucker: Because in Germany it's completely legal, to be drinking on the streets. It's completely normal. That was the first thing. But the most impressive story about the American cops, was when we played in San Francisco a couple of weeks – two weeks ago – a couple of days later we played in Eugene, Oregon, which was eleven or twelve hours away. We'd been to

the motel and our tour manager came up to us and said the cops were here at the venue, and were looking for Oxymoron. She was just trying to explain what happened, when at the moment, there knocked at the door three detectives from San Francisco Police. They were standing at the door. They questioned us about an incident that happened the night that we were on stage. Bjorn: They said, "Are you the Oxy-boys? Because some one phoned us in from San Francisco" There had been a bunch of Nazis who had used the same van like us – a black one. And with a knife they put a swastika in his breast– a razor–, just threw him in a van, put a plastic bag over his head so that he couldn't see anything, and slit his skin with a swastika.

**And this was a band with a similar name?*

Sucker: No, someone had phoned the police and said this was Oxymoron. This was the night we stayed in San Francisco. They got an anonymous call from some woman who said this was Oxymoron. Don't ask any of us why, she just did– we don't know.

**So what became of that? What did the police believe?*

Sucker: Well they came all the way up to Eugene, and questioned us, photo-ed us, and stuff like that. But whatever. I haven't heard from them, they let us go, but I'm not sure if they believed us.

**What about the police force in Germany, how are they different, are they more or less strict and intimidatating?*

Bjorn: I think that the law is different, so they are strict, they are very strict. But there are a lot of reasons. It's harder to explain. You can walk on the streets with a beer, and the police don't stop, but not in America I think it's the smaller things in Germany, the police are not hard, but it gets to something else, well. The law is different but I think that the police are similar.

**Would you rather be stopped or questioned by an American policeman, or a German policeman?*

Sucker: It would really depend on what we did wrong.

**What do you think about the ecological issues facing Germany, like the destruction of the Black Forest by acid rain?— which we've been told is a large problem.*

Sucker: I think it's the same everywhere in all the



worlds, a problem that nobody can deny. It's not just the Black Forest in Germany. That's just where we live.

'Are you environmentally active in anyway?

(speaking in German)

Sucker: Not really active. I think the main problem is industry anyways, and that's really hard to do anything about.

'What's your take on the currency change to the Euro, is it good or bad?

Sucker: Let's wait and see... I'm not a fan of the idea, I think that all of the ahh, what can I say. . .

'Do you think that it will be good for Germany?

Sucker: . . . It forces countries to group together in a strange way, that they actually shouldn't. That's the good thing about Europe, that I miss in America, that there's loads of different countries that all have their own - what can I say -they just shouldn't be forced together in a particular mutual way, because it worked quiet well for a long time, so I don't see no real need for it. I think it turns out fine in the end - but it might be a mistake.

** What are each of your own personal goals, and what is the band's goal in long term?*

Bjorn: The band's goal is just being around, and recording more good records.

Sucker: And touring. With people still liking us. That's our personal band's goal.

'So your personal goal is to do what's best for the band.

Bjorn: Yes, that is what each of ours are-always, definitely.

Do you guys ever participate in the Chaos Days in Munich, the annual punk party?

Sucker: You mean in Hanover?

Yeah in Hanover.

Sucker: A couple of years ago, well actually it's a nice meeting there, lots of people who just want to have fun. But there are always some radicals who try to make it a political event, or cause trouble. That way it's sometimes escalating. Actually it was great, bands playing, loads of

people having fun and getting shit faced and stuff like that.



Are you upset about the negative media coverage of the event?

Sucker: I think that's not unusual, because concerning the punks, or stuff like that, you only have the negative media, ya know. It doesn't matter what happens, there's ten thousand people having a great time, and ten people fighting - there's people from the local paper, and the focus you see is about the ten people who are fighting. It's always the same.

** What kind of commentary on our generation in the song, "Dead end Generation"?*

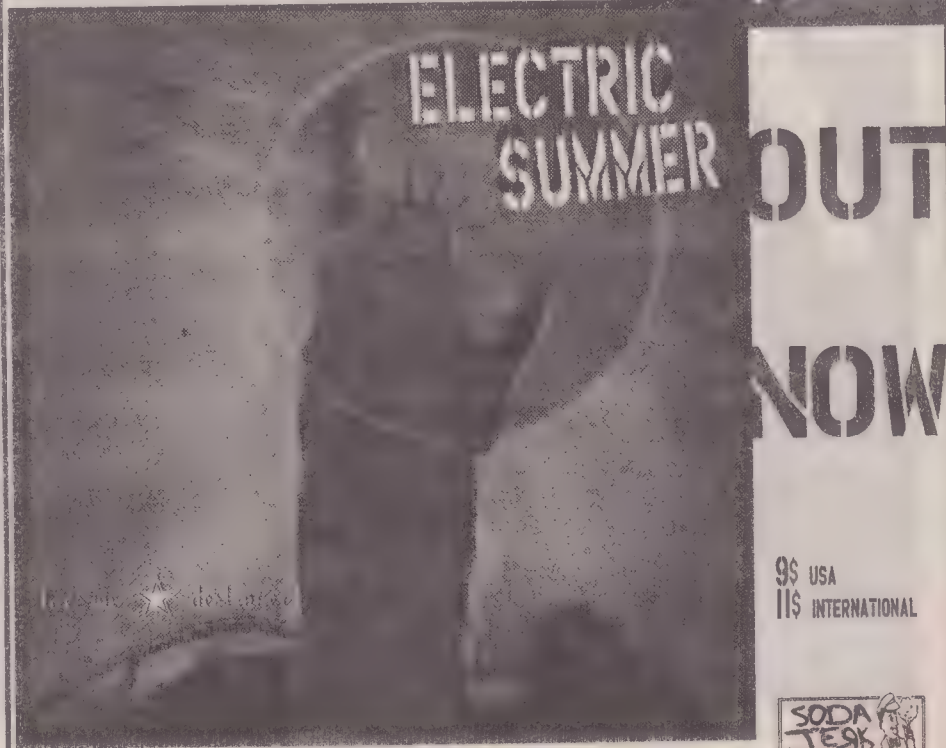
Sucker: Well actually that it's a dead-end generation, it's getting nowhere. Everybody should stand their ground to get forward, not sit down and complain about what's going on. But standing your ground and anyone who's fallen shouldn't just stay down there and lay.

When are you planing on coming back and touring America?

Sucker: Well it depends on what is going on in the next couple of months. We definitely want to come back, and hopefully it won't take another three years to make it over here again. As soon as possible I see.

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51st Annual Conference on World Affairs

This was my third Conference on World Affairs (CWA) which is held yearly on the University of Colorado at Boulder campus. The theme for this year's conference was "Transitions" and I spent April 5-9, 1999 listening to as many talks as I could squeeze into my class schedule. National and international speakers from (somewhat) diverse backgrounds and disciplines are brought to the campus to interact with students and community in both formal and informal settings. This years conference brought the return of movie critic extraordinaire ROGER EBERT and a slew of other personalities from jazz musicians to sports writers to environmentalists to meat industry executives and so on.

The best part about the annual conference is that it is open and free to anyone wishing to attend. Over the week I saw heavily spiked punk rockers, dirty hippies, senior citizens, people of every sexual orientation imaginable, business people and students of every discipline attend the various talks, all with the goal of educating and enlightening themselves. RITH artist (back cover) Ross Haenfler, being the graduate student genius that he is, moderated one of the talks but unfortunately I was unable to catch it. At any given minute, from 9 in the morning until 7:30 at night, one could find two to five different talks going on at the same time. Some topics didn't interest me whatsoever ("Is the Population Bomb a Dud?") while others did ("Surviving Without Selling Out").

I had read Ted Rall's columns and cartoons in magazines like maximumrocknroll for years and upon hearing that he would be at this year's CWA, I set out, armed only with the latest issue of RITH and his MRR column header that had a picture of him, looking for an interview. He ended up being a very nice guy, although quite a bit older than the picture in his header would have you believe, and it's awesome that one is able to approach the speakers after any talk and get one's own two cents in. Winston Smith was next on my checklist and I found the old collagist, whose work graces the covers of so many classic California punk and hardcore albums that it's not even funny, and quickly got him to sign some posters for friends before we sat down to eat lunch together chat it up.

Both my interviewees were fantastic people and my interest and liking of the CWA heightened extremely. If you are ever in Boulder in the first or second weeks of April then I implore you to check it out. Organizers are already busy planning next year's event and I'm already counting down the weeks until I can attend it.

Interviews and pictures of Ted Rall and Winston Smith by Stefan Wild. Art lifted out of their respective books.



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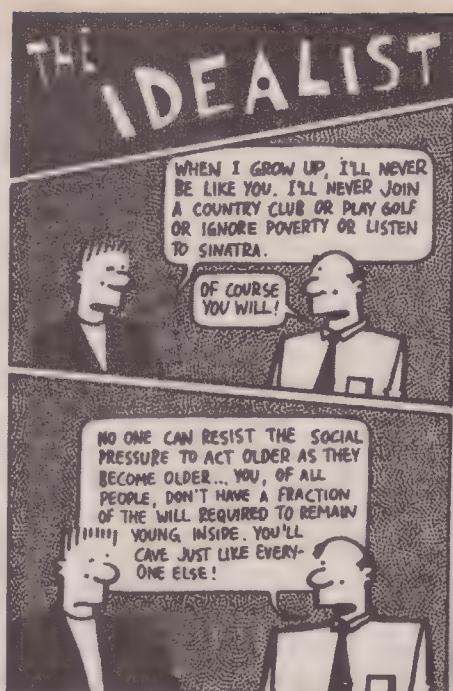
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If I had to pick out a single individual, not a band, over the years that I have enjoyed interviewing the most over the years, it would be Ted Rall. Rall is a great, down-to-earth realist who is strongly opinionated and has an outspoken character that really grabbed me. I don't agree with everything that he says, but will concede that he has his arguments down and would pick him first in a junior high school debate-a-thon just so the other team wouldn't have him. His cartoons appear in over a hundred publications across the country, from Time to Fortune to Maximumrocknroll. Through it all he still plays strong homage to his punk roots and uses his pen and paper (or computer as the ties may have it) to attack the things in society that he feels aren't being attacked enough. Despite the fact that he curses like a sailor (all in good fun, Ted) we sat down in the University of Colorado pool hall and later up on University Hill for several hours and talked about everything from his 5 books (check out the book reviews in this issue), to his radio show and his potential network TV series and had a good time watching the "gorgeous college girls" walk by and avoiding smoke from encroaching hippies. I'm sure you've seen his work somewhere, and hopefully now you can put a name and character behind the art. Interview by Stefan.



Name, occupation, hometown, age.
Name, Ted Rall. Occupation, syndicated cartoonist, columnist, and talk-radio host. Live in New York City, on the Upper West Side, date of birth, 1963.

What were your feelings on the Conference of World Affairs before coming in? Had you heard of it?
I'd heard of it a couple months ago. There's this guy who is an editor for the Newark Star Ledger in New Jersey and the way he



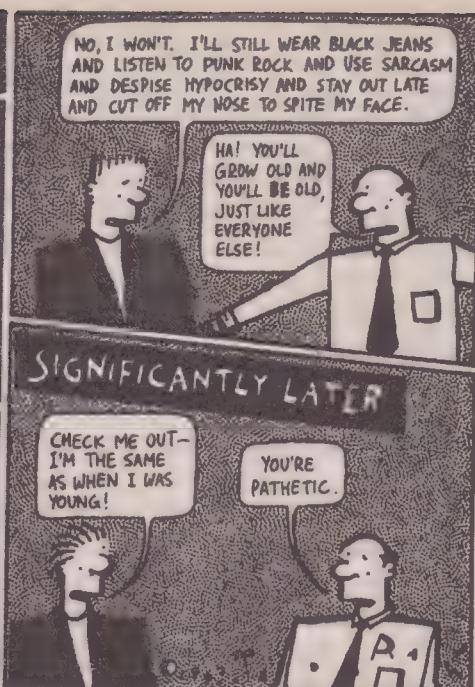
described it, it sounded very wanky. So then I get this call from Jane Butcher and she told me that I was invited and was like, 'of course we don't pay for an honorarium...' which I'm totally not used to. I don't care so much about the money when I travel, as I care about the fact that you are losing money by not staying in town.

Opportunity cost...

Oh, sure I get calls from magazines and they want to know if I can do something for them and I can't because I'm on the road. So she said that they'd put me up with a local family and I was like, 'well that's a bummer.' I mean it doesn't sound very appealing, so I guess that's their genius. They set the bar, the level of expectations so low that anything that doesn't suck, totally rules. So now it's halfway through, the panels have been hit or miss, but I've got everything done that I wanted to do already. Look, meeting Winston, honestly is one of the biggest things ever. I've been talking about him all my life, about what a genius he is and how nobody knows who he is. I can't believe that our paths have never crossed before. So when I heard that he was going to be here, that clinched it. It's a very old group though.

Yes, the audiences too, are a well-aged group. Sometimes when you say something blatantly off color, I cringe as I look around the auditorium to see how you've effected the elderly. Yeah, "Go Ted!" Everyone else seemed like they were being themselves and so I figured I would be too.

And I think that everyone was okay with that too. I think that's the best thing about this, the variety of opinions; there's the environmental extremists, the femi-nazis,



ultra-conservatives, the left wing, and everyone else in between. It's very encouraging.

It is cool. But it is kind of a bummer, I'm 35 and by no objective standards should I be one of the youngest participants in any group. There should be a lot of people a lot younger than me. But I really feel like, 'come on, there's a lot of shit going on,' I don't see why we can't have teenagers, college-aged, yada yada yada. You really should have a big range of ages. But it's almost a boomer sort of thing.

But would you come back if you were invited again?

Probably, I mean, I'd bring my wife though because it's a long time away from my wife. It's a week. It's hard to take a full week off for something that isn't lying on a beach or going on a road trip or something. If it were three days, it'd be a no-brainer, of course I'd come. But yeah, it's cool and I can understand the vibe of being out here all week. So I think that if they're not upset with my whole cursing thing, I'd definitely come back. But, I said, 'look this is who I am and if you don't like it, then that's fine.'

How do you feel about the 'breeding' of a liberal artist at a big state or private institution. I know that you started as an engineer and then ended up coming back to get a liberal arts degree so you might have a different take on that.

Yeah, I'm a big fan of the liberal arts. I think one of the things that's really cool about Columbia, not the engineering school, is that they have this very developed core curriculum where you can't possibly graduate as an English major without taking two years of calculus, a year of chemistry, a year of physics and three years in a foreign language.

Our society is way too hyper-specialized. You've got way too many guys who are web designers who couldn't fucking name a single Renaissance artist. It makes it a lot harder for us all to talk to each other. We end up having a tribalistic society, where it's like, cartoonists hang out with cartoonists, punk guitarists hang out with punk guitarists, and fuck that bassist asshole. I think it's a good thing to try to bring us to a sort of well-rounded society. Yeah, college might not train you for work, but I don't think that it really ought to or can train you for work. I don't think it does. I don't know if college is even necessary. If you do go to college, you should view it, I know this is cheesy, but as a 'learning experience.' Take classes that interest you, if it's not giving you what you need, then drop it, and just really pick up as much shit as you might find useful in the future as possible.

I mean, as an engineering student, I see a whole bunch of scientists who haven't got crap for social skills. I can't wait for my 'writing for engineering majors' class so that I can destroy them all. And at the same time you have liberal artists who can't calculate a tip at a restaurant. Yeah, my wife is like that. I mean, she couldn't do her taxes and she still can't keep the checkbook balanced. I mean, she makes these thousand dollar mistakes and I'm like, 'That's all we've got in the fucking bank, woman! You can't do that!' It's like where you get to be like my father, who is an MIT-Cal Tech guy who can literally misspell the word 'house.' I think that in life, you should have knowledge of astronomy, English, French, because otherwise, how are you supposed to know? Maybe you were supposed to be a poet and if you're not exposed to it, you just never find out.

Exactly. Define an 'effective political cartoon.'

Sure, The tradition of editorial cartooning in the United States was pretty much established by Thomas Nast in the 19th century. He sort of appropriated Mark Twain's dictum to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable, and I still buy that. I still think it's about attacking power as much as possible, and promoting the people who are getting fucked over. A lot of people look at editorial cartoons, and say: 'it has to be simple, funny, well drawn, there has to be caricature...' And none of those things are true. It doesn't have to be funny at all, it doesn't have to be well drawn, it doesn't have to any of that shit. A political cartoon can have a hundred frames, be a thousand words long and drawn like shit and still be a great cartoon if it makes its point. Every time you look at a cartoon, you should be able to tell right away, what the artist is trying to say. Now, if it's a joke about the news, something that just merely shows what's going on, you should be able to tell the ideology of the

artist. Immediately. If you don't know that, the cartoon sucks, by definition. And my criteria rules out 90% of cartoons out there, because the vast majority make no point whatsoever. And sometimes cartoons that make no point can be really fun, but you know what, they suck, because they're not political cartoons, and that's okay, they're gag cartoons, something for the New Yorker. I mean I love my grandmother, but don't try to pass her off for my wife. Everything in its place, that's the way I feel.



How effective do you think that your cartoons are at reaching their audience and what is their purpose?

Conference on World Affairs Ted Rall

Well, I think I'm an effective cartoonist <laughs>

That's why you're here isn't it?

Of course. No, I think that all of us cartoonists think that we are the best, secretly. I do look up to a couple people. Obviously I'm not 100% effective because I don't run in every newspaper in the country. Obviously I don't have a message that's so powerful that everybody needs or wants to hear it. So I have a long way to go. I could certainly draw better, there's always things that I could do to improve my work. I often have an imposter complex, when I see myself in the New York Times and think, 'look at them, they think I'm GOD. Dumb asses!' or 'maybe they'll figure it out, and then I'll be fucked.' All I can tell you is that I can't tell you how effective I am, you'd have to ask readers. I know what I'm trying to accomplish, which is to tackle topics that are not at the top of the news, I'm trying to show different ways of thinking

A New Found Glory



A NEW FOUND GLORY
'NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY'
CATCHY EMO-POP FOR FANS OF LIFETIME,
PROMISE RING, AND MXPX
FEATURING MEMBERS OF SHAI HULUD



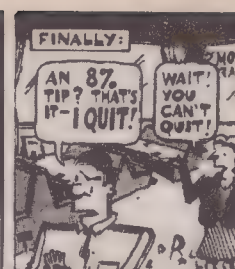
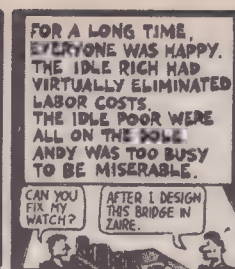
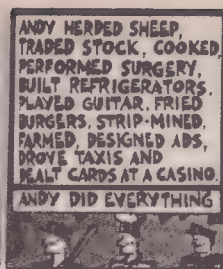
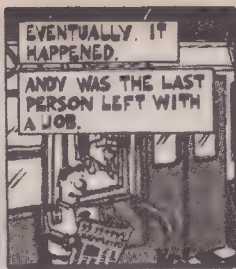
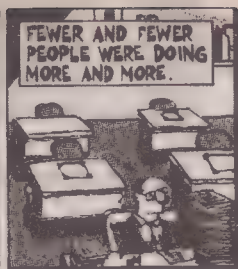
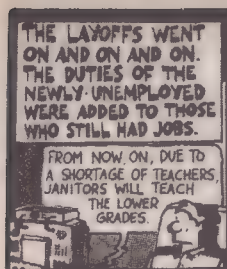
BIRD OF ILL OMEN
'WHEN LOVE WOULD'VE SHOWN INTEREST IN US BOTH'



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'WE BLEED FROM MANY WOUNDS'

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about things, I'm trying to change people's minds and then have some fun at the same time. That's pretty much all I want to do. I think you'll find at least as many people that think I suck as people that think I'm great. Again, it's my argument that morality is subjective, aesthetics are completely subjective. That's why I think those awards, like the Pulitzers, are idiotic. Who the fuck is to say what the best cartoon of the year is. Even last year, there was a movement among editorial cartoonists so that we could pick our own awards, and I thought that, even in our small group of 60 cartoonists, we couldn't agree what constituted a great cartoon., so we voted it down. If I were creating a show of editorial cartoons, I'd have to show a lot of cartoons that I don't even like, but to be fair I'd have to say, 'there is an audience for this shit, even though I personally don't like it.'

What are your ties to punk rock? I heard that you had quite the late seventies/ early 80's collection.

It is true that I have quite the seventies and eighties collection. That's where I sunk all of my Wall Street money in the late 80's when everyone else was selling their vinyl to buy CD's. Back then I was making like 40 grand, and I was like, 'must buy vinyl.' And I'm glad I did because a lot of stuff will never be heard again, there won't be reissues. Plus after that I lost my job and there was the recession, I would never have been able to buy that stuff.

You took advantage of the times while they lasted.

Yeah! No my ties to punk rock are mainly that it saved my fucking life. I was growing up in Dayton, Ohio, in 1976 I was 13 years-old and I was hanging out with this guy who two years later hung himself in the basement of his house, and we were depressed, we were living in white-bread suburbia, and you know, white-bread suburbia ain't as bad as it used to be. I mean now, hell, if I'd had the Barnes and Noble superstore down the street with all of the out of town newspapers and Maximum (Rocknroll) and all these things right there, I would have been like, 'this rules!' Maybe it's not the best fucking store, like in LA or whatever, but it would have been a vast improvement, it would have been a cultural Mecca for me. We didn't have any shit like that. There weren't even any parks in my town. There was nothing to do but hang out and look at the rust and talk about how depressed we all were. So I wasn't even

into music at all, I only liked classical. In the early seventies, when I was a kid, I didn't know about Iggy or T-rex. People say, 'I was listening to the Dictators in '74' that's horse shit, not in suburbia.. Nobody could get that stuff. It was all just bands like YES- twenty-minute guitar solos, long hair, you know, progressive rock. And then one day I walked into a record store, I think I was attracted by the graphics in the window, in 1976 and bought the first Blondie album, because look at her, she's hot. And I thought, 'this is really cool,' and my mom even liked it, you know it's bubble gum pop. A few weeks later I found the New York Dolls album at garage sale for fifty cents, and I was like, 'this rocks!,' and then, I remember this vividly, because when you're a kid, you don't have any money and you go to the cut-out bin, and I bought a cut-out cassette of the first Clash album, the US version, and I mean it was a failure. The Clash never hit until 'London Calling,' 'The Clash' and 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' died. But that first cassette, that fucking blew me away. And then in '78, I used to ask the guy who worked at the record store I frequented what new stuff was in and he would give my friend and me a stack of 45's and we'd go and listen to them. One of them was the DK's 'California uber alles,' and that fucking changed everything. All classical music sucks. All rock music sucks. Only punk rock is important. Because here my first exposure to a truly American punk band, the Dead Kennedies, and they had this suburban thing going, stealing people's mail, and I just thought, 'here are these guys, they have my sense of humor, my sense of rejection.' What it gave me at 15-years old was this sense that: I wasn't alone, there are other people that think like me, I don't know them personally, but they made this, and they're out there! So I just had to survive and leave town. And that's my big tie as a fan and as a rapid consumer. I met Jello for the first time after Frankenchrist came out and a couple months before, I had read a really bad review of it that had really pissed me off, until I realized that the guy hadn't even listened to the fucking album. Cause there were songs on the album that he didn't even mention. And I was like, 'you fucking lying, cheating, lazy motherfucker. You go and trash my favorite fucking band and an album that I think is absolutely legendary and then you don't even listen to the record.' So I fired off a letter to the paper and the reviewer and a cc to the Dead Kennedies fan mail address and then I

get this call at the bank I'm working at and it was Jello thanking me for the letter, saying that the guy from the Voice had called him to apologize and to retract the whole thing. So I probably ended up seeing the DK's 23 times and I was really into all the San Francisco bands. I mean, American hardcore was the soundtrack to the Reagan era, it just was. If you were listening to anything else, you didn't have a fucking clue. It was that sign of intelligence that was present a little bit everywhere. It's funny, I wanted to have my cartoons run in Maximum for a long time. Then in 1995, I was living in Berkeley and Tim Yohanan calls. He's like, 'you know, I can't figure you out. You're fucking me up. You're a totally mainstream cartoonist that runs in places like the San Francisco Examiner and yet your shit is totally punk rock and radical.' And I said, 'yeah, I do what I fucking want.' So he had me interviewed and then they started running my stuff. Plus, I'm still really into punk. My favorite band these days is J CHURCH, but they'll never have the opportunity, because, check this out: I have this radio show and I wanted them to come on and have left messages everywhere for these assholes, I just said, 'look I'm gonna put you on for a fucking hour, you guys can do whatever you want, talk and then play some of your records.' It's like a 50,000 Watt station in 15 western states, and I'm just in awe of them but they totally don't return my calls. And everybody's like, 'oh, yeah, Lance doesn't like to talk to people, he's anti-social.' And then what is the point of being in a band. The purpose of being in a band is to communicate with people.

But you lived in New York in the period when the hardcore there became really violent, has that played any influence on some of your cartoons?

Yeah, it definitely kept me away from shows. I'll never forget, it was like a Ramones and Reagan Youth show in DC and this chick, who was just a friend, who was harmless, no one would ever hurt her, blonde, very inconspicuous, funny, not overly pretty, not overly ugly, and we were in the show for maybe ten minutes when some mother-fucking-jock-asshole-fuck, came up to her and slugged her in the face. Which brought up a moral dilemma, I mean, I jumped on top of him, he was like his own zip code you know, and I put my arm around his head, covered his eyes and just held on. But I mean, he kicked the shit out of me, it was an

ugly scene, and it took more than two weeks to just get all of the bruises out. It was just ugly, and that steak thing on the eyes does work, by the way. What happened post 88 was this new bred of people that started attending the shows, who were like frat-boy, jock types who had this cartoonish idea of what punk was about. Punk was not about how you dress, or spike your hair, or how you pierce your ears or your bellybutton, it's all about what's inside your head. I mean you can look like a total prep and be punk, in your head. And at shows, this unwritten mentality: if someone falls you pick them up, or if you're being carried over the crowd, you don't kick your feet, or bash people in the head. All of that shit went out the window. It was some sort of cartoony, let's go kick ass and play football at shows mentality. But no, it didn't directly influence my cartoons because I never really did cartoons on it. You know, if you jump on the bandwagon and do a cartoon that says, 'punk and hardcore are violent,' then all of those readers who only know punk from that cartoon are going to have this negative image. You don't want to dis your own thing. You don't want to contribute to the fuck-ups in punk rock by publicizing their stupidity, so I just stopped going to shows for a while.

Do you ever feel kind of powerful, having the mainstream people read about punk ideals and not know really that they're reading, and possibly agreeing with them, when if it were actually labeled, 'punk,' people would stay away? If they were given Maximum and told, 'here is this punk editorial cartoon,' versus if they read their New York Times and see the same cartoon.... Yeah, look, there's nothing more cool than to know that the same fucking cartoon can run in the New York Times and Maximum Rock n Roll! The question is, is Maximum going mainstream or is the New York Times going underground, and I don't think you have to categorize it. It is what it is. But it's awesome to have this guy I a cartoon in Time Magazine wear a J-Church shirt and just get away with it!

And it'll pass over their heads until they see a J-Church shirt for real and somehow remember something about that J-Church shirt...

Yeah! The point is that you don't just get into a strength of power or importance for your own sorry ass, you do it to bring other people in and expose them too. That's one of the things I love about my radio show. I bring people on just because I think they're cool. People will ask, 'well why did you have that guy on?' and it's just cause they're cool...

But still, sitting around the Rall family table at Thanksgiving, do the relatives say, 'oh he's the cartoonist screw-up,' just the mere irresponsibility that the occupation title carries with it, that you do little drawings for a living. Is there perhaps some resentment felt?

Well there's more like condescension in certain circles. Like the chick who got beat up, she ended up marrying some wealthy banker guy who felt that he somehow more serious than me. He made \$828,000 a year shuffling papers around and I made substantially less, shuffling paper around. You should never take yourself too fucking seriously. But nevertheless, it's true that amongst mainstream white suburbia, they say, 'oh yeah, he's the guy who does the picture, he he he.'

Your days in the nine to five sector have obviously played a huge influence on your talks, columns, cartoons, could you talk about your experience there and maybe



your biggest reflection back onto those days.

I had a lot of jobs in a very short time because I got fired very quickly. The ones to really dwell on were when I got expelled from Columbia in 1984 and spent a few years as a trader and broker for a brokerage firm. That was actually a really enlightening experience because there, and for four years at the Industrial Bank of Japan where I wet through the ranks and became a loan officer there, I sort of realized that, capitalism was not only the unfair, but also inefficient. I always thought that it was like a Winston Smith cartoon, you know, the grinding wheels, the mean awesome machine of capitalism that crushes everything in its way and doesn't leave any room for humanity. I really did feel that way about it. But when I worked in the belly of the beast, particularly at the bank, I worked side by side Donald Trump on a real estate deal, and you might these guys who are giants in business, but I

Conference on World Affairs Ted Rall

mean, Trump, he's a total fucking idiot. You wouldn't hire him to paint your house, he's a twit. And you realized that a lot of these people, they're stupid, they're egotistical, they don't know shit about basic things like human motivation, the law, or anything. It made me realize that not only is capitalism fundamentally unfair, but it's basically run by twits. So that was a big fucking mind opener, and you'll see that in my cartoons. To me, just the idea that you can fire people and that it's perfectly okay, despite the fact that they have done nothing wrong. I saw these guys who fire 2,000 workers, just like that, and they didn't give a shit about it. They weren't even like sad. It was just like watching Wall Street, 'we'll issue the 2,000 lay off notices at

noon, have security come by at one, and have the place pad-locked by five,' it was totally cold-blooded. Then I was really on the opposite side when I worked as a file clerk at the admissions office at Columbia, and later on as a financial advisor in San Francisco. In both jobs I was the scum of the earth, just one step above the secretary.

The first to go...

Well it wasn't so much being the first to go, because I wouldn't have cared because the job paid so shitty. It was about having to suck up in some job that I think your cat is overqualified for. It got to the point where I began to realize that there were a bunch of jobs that no one, as a human, should be required to do.

You've traveled quite a bit, do you ever feel like the 'Ugly American?' In some countries you are seen as the crummy American nationalist, democracy preaching Yugoslavia-bombing pig?

Let's face it, we have a bad rep over seas. I mean, we run fucking everything. If you go to Uzbekistan, they're not playing Islamic music, they're playing something from the X-Files, they weren't playing some Uzbek movie, they were playing some Hollywood thing. We shove our pop culture down people's throats, we interfere in their internal affairs, we're either running their countries through puppet dictators or we're going to invade them or bomb them because someone else's puppet dictators are in charge. So we're big assholes. And not only that, but if

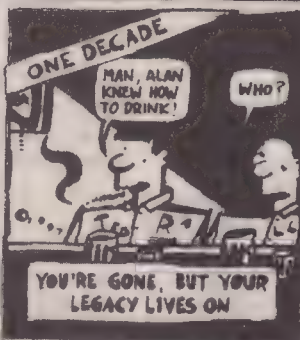
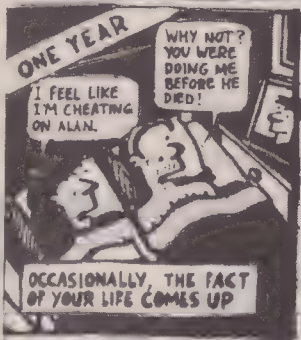
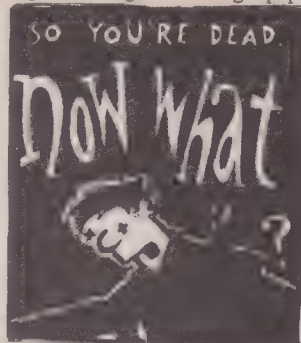
you're going to be the biggest bad-boy on the block, you should at least know your shit. We're raining bombs on Serbia and last week there was this little side mention from Clinton and he said, 'yeah I've been boning up on Balkan history.' And I was like, 'what?!' you mean you don't know this shit already? Once you've been elected president, you better already possess an encyclopedic knowledge of world history. It's like, if that's too hard, then don't fucking run. So yeah, definitely, there is always that generic bias against you as an American. But people, for the most part, are pretty cool everywhere, once you start talking, all that shit goes out the window. All you have to do is establish some form of rudimentary communication. It was interesting, the guy that I went to central Asia with, he was very cold and wanted to be left alone. So we're on the train, we're the big attraction. 4,000 people on the train and we're the only whites. So all these Chinese people are crowding into our car because they want to meet the Americans and some of them had never seen Americans in person before. And Alan was like, 'leave me alone, I'll sit on my top bunk and read,' which I can understand, but it's also what we were there for. We had the opportunity to stay with locals at their houses on several occasions, but he just wanted to stay in the American hotel. He sort of bummed me out. I think that there are places, Turkmenistan especially, or Kazakhstan, where an American is just a thousand dollar bill with legs on. You're just a target, you're a resource, like a big cow, to be slaughtered. I'm not saying that the people are horrible, you just have to be realistic and see that they are incredibly desperate, and for whatever reason, other people whose condition is also dire who don't have the courage to rob you, these people are. They've overcome their prohibitions.

That's their way of surviving.

Yeah, they were way greedy though. If the corrupt train cop that we almost killed would have asked for a five-dollar 'border fee' then I would have given it to him, but instead he asks for a week's salary. I mean, if he gets that every day, he'll be rocking. That's why I was totally willing to jack the guy. I mean, he's out of control. A month's salary for a cop is more than enough to pay the rent. You start to think in the scale of the country if you stay there for weeks and months, the scale of the money. And it's actually important to do that. I know people that go to third world countries and throw their cash around, but they're not doing these people any favors, they're creating inflation. Be generous when you tip. Tip everything and everyone, just don't drop five dollar tips on a one-dollar drink. You don't

do that in New York, why would you do that here? Cause you are going to fuck up their economy, I sort of saw that on a macro level while living in New York in the 80's. The Japanese began scarfing up property and all

story. If you're never going to have kids, then urban is the way to go. But you can't send your kids to the Los Angeles public schools, you can't send them to the new York schools, they'll get their asses kicked. They



of a sudden, everybody's paying double rent. I mean, \$400 a month more because some asshole decided he wanted to buy Rockefeller Center?

Would rather live in an urban or rural setting?

Rural would probably be fine but here's the

won't learn anything, it'll just fucking suck. It's a god place to be a single adult. But I don't like suburbia, that would be like the worst of all worlds, there's no culture in suburbia.

I only ask because you don't have some job to commute to every morning which would be helped by living in the middle of a big city.

True, I can live anywhere, I do all my art by the internet, even the radio show. It is really interesting. I just love New York. I'll tell you the advantages: it offers someone like me a relative degree of anonymity, I don't have to worry about being known. I mean, if I lived here in Boulder, after a while people would just look at me and say, 'oh, he's that cartoonist,' whatever that would mean, that asshole or that cool guy or whatever. In New York, it's very rare to run into someone, I like being lost in the crowds. But also, you get this super buzz, because everybody's so busy doing shit. I'll call my friend across town and ask, 'so what up?' and they'll be like, 'oh, yeah I just signed a 3 picture deal with Paramount.' And I'll be 'I didn't know you were doing movies,' 'oh yeah, I just decided to add that to the cartooning repertoire.' And it really kicks you in the ass to do stuff. Whereas, if you lived in Portland, it'd be, 'dude, what are you up to?' 'Reefer?' <laughs>

You said you were in talks about doing an animation series. What are the plans with that and what can people expect?

Okay, here's the story. If this thing goes through, it'll be on at 8:30 after Dilbert, it'll



roll out in the fall of 2000. It will be a thirty minute prime time show. As I see it, it will be sort of an anti-Simpsons. Whereas the Simpsons has a very conservative structure, and in animation, the structure really determines a lot.

The characters can do whatever they want in animation.

Yeah, but now don't get me wrong, I think the Simpsons are brilliant, the best thing on TV period. But I think that it does have a conservative structure and I think that even Matt would say that. My thing is totally opposite. It takes place in a time that you don't really know is when, in my mind it takes place somewhere around 2015, 2020. It's slightly in the future, you have things like: obviously government has collapsed, the economy is gone, there's hovercraft that go by every now and then; but at the same time you can't really tell because everyone inside the house wears like 40's shirts and drive 60's muscle cars. So it's totally time disjunct, this show is entirely about alienation. It's called 'Boomerang' and the reason that it's called that is because it takes place in this huge, sprawling house on a block in a town that is basically Newark, New Jersey, but I'm not going to say that. Everything else burns down, years ago, in the 2008 riots. And all they have is this big sprawling Victorian house with two 58-year-old parents who are empty nesters and now their people start moving back in because everything sucks. So you have like, the

bisexual girl college graduate who is confused about her sexuality and therefore feels that she doesn't need to find a job and moves back in with mom and dad. There's the boomer son who fucked up his marriage by being an asshole and is moving back in with his kids, and he was in the process of adoption when all this is happening, so the kids move in from Mongolia and Siberia respectively. So the long of the short of it is that their parents also move back in because they got kicked out of a nursing home. Now you have this huge, massive pile of characters all living together and it's all about a study in intrepidity. In all shows, the story arc is improvement. Example: Marge and Homer, their marriage is better when you first saw it and Homer's not as much of an idiot as he was.

Even though he sits on his ass, he will come through in the end.

He's lazy, but he's basically a good person. He used to be a child abuser and he used to beat the crap out of Bart all the time and strangle him. That stuff's few and far between now. I view 'Boomerang' as that everything gets worse. It's a steady flow of things falling apart. It's very intellectual, fast-moving....

It will be on UPN?

I would say there's a 60 to 70 percent chance of right now. If you had asked me that six months ago, I would have said no, but right now we're so close to closing on a contract, but then again, it could easily not happen.

Conference on World Affairs Ted Rall

Do you have any closing comments about your time here or in general?

The conference is a cool thing, there should get more young people at the conference; it's way too old and way too white. You can't really have this discussion of ideas without having a very wide range of ages and races. The Conference is flying in people from all over the country, but here we have this sea of white people in their forties. But it is nonetheless a cool thing. Boulder is cool, but the busses are too fucking loud, but it is stunningly beautiful.

Is there a Rall motto?

Trust No One.

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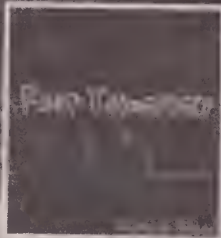


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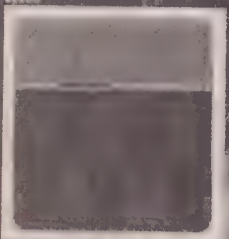
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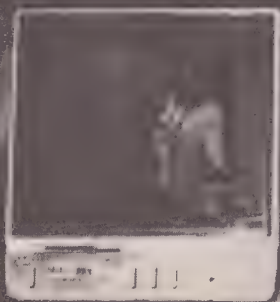
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Winston

Smith



THERE WAS ONLY ONE SIXTY-PLUS-YEAR-OLD MAN AT THE CONFERENCE OF WORLD AFFAIRS SPORTING A CRASS PATCH PASSING OUT BEAUTIFUL FULL-COLOR POSTERS- THAT HE HAD DESIGNED HIMSELF- FOR THE NEW BIAFRA SPOKEN WORD ALBUM. ONE MAN WHO STOOD OUT FROM THE MEN WITH MANY TITLES IN THEIR BUSINESS SUITS. YEP, COLLAGIST W.S. STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB AND A DAMN GOOD ONE AT THAT

Over the years, he's done covers for the Dead Kennedies, One Hit Wonder, all of Jello Biafra's projects and bands, Infested, Green Day, Gout and many more. You have seen his work at least once in your life, believe me. Here's Winston Smith as interviewed by Stefan in the food court of the UMC at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

Let's have your name, what you consider your occupation to be, your age and your hometown.

Winston Smith from San Francisco, California and I'm a graphic artist.

Is this your first time in Boulder?

First time. I think once, maybe twenty-five years ago, I spent a weekend in Denver and that was my only exposure to Colorado.

How are you liking the Conference on World Affairs?

Oh, its interesting. Before I came here, I thought that it might be just a bunch of stuffy academic people, because most of them have PHD's, you know they're doctors or professors, and I'm a high school dropout. I didn't know quite how I was going to fit in. Biafra is a Boulder native and so I asked him about this, if I was just going to be a nobody, but he said, 'no, no, it's actually quite a big deal and it happens every year and a lot of

interesting people show up, you should definitely go there and check it out.'

But you're enjoying yourself? You'd come back again if invited back?

Oh yeah, I mean, I hope they'll invite me back. With some of the things I've said, they might not invite me back!

What do you think the purpose of the Conference is and, in your opinion, is it effective in serving that purpose?

Well it seems to be that a lot of speakers look at the panels that they're on and they wonder, 'why did I get picked for this? I don't know anything about this.' And sometimes the subjects are pretty obscure- it gets people who are good in one field thinking about another field that is not their expertise and they actually have to form an opinion or response. I think that in my case, it is really hard for me to think of something just off the top of my head. And I kind of stumble over my words trying to get it all out. But as soon as someone asks a question, then I can usually get a basis from which to start yapping.

You met Ted Rall for the first time yesterday...

Yeah I hadn't seen his work in a while, but I really like his work.

Conference on World Affairs Winston Smith

What is your own social/political goal that you try to convey through your artwork?
Smash the state! (giggles)

I guess over the years, you would have seen some state smashing going on. Do you think that, overall, your goals have been met?

No, actually, I think it is getting worse. I think it is getting more consolidated. I think that what's happening to our society globally is that less and less freedoms are available to people, and more and more control is focused in the hands of fewer people. It's not ultimately gonna benefit the people. It is only gonna benefit them. I really think that the powers that be want to bring the world back to the way it was in the middle ages, where there were lots and lots of very poor people, who struggled to get by, and a small segment of halfway middle class people who would administer the production of everything, and a thin sliver of opulently wealthy people. I think that's what's happening in America, I call it the Calcuttization of America, someone else said, the Third-World-ization, where the country will be reduced to the status of Ethiopia. That's what the powers that be want to bring it back to.

What do you think would be the biggest prevention of this process? What could someone do right now to slow the process down so that we can better evaluate what is happening?

Be aware of what's going on. There is a great deal of work being done by the establishment to make it look like they are not really there. Pay attention to the man behind the curtain. They spend a lot of time and energy trying to make sure they are hidden, and if anybody says, "hey there is someone behind the scenes calling the shots," they stop him by labeling him paranoid, as a radical lefty nobody. The media is controlled by so few major corporations that freedom of speech barely means anything in America because if you can't afford a loud enough speaker, yeah you can talk all you want on the sidewalk, you can get a box and talk there on the sidewalk all you want, as long as you are safely ineffective, they don't care. Go ahead and talk all you want. As soon as you know that your opinions matter, that's when you will probably be shut down.

How do you feel about using corporations' trademark logos in your collages?
Actually, I have never done that.

I mean, is part of the reason you have never done that because even if you were to do it in a sarcastic way, that all publicity would be good publicity for that company. Yeah, I guess I would rather not give them any publicity at all. There is no such thing as bad publicity. There was a thing I heard on the radio not too long ago about a famous television personality, and she was saying that when Reagan was running for reelection in 1984, she was discussing all the bad things he had done during his first four years, and did a big documentary about protesters at Reagan rallies and other anti-Reagan sentiments, and this aired on prime time television, you know for millions to see, and she was saying that she was trying to convey how bad Reagan was and what he had done, but people didn't even care what it was. She actually got a message from the White House thanking her for her special. And she said, "Didn't you understand what I said?" And the guy said, "No. No one understood what you said. No one was listening. They were only watching. They just wanted to look at the pictures." There is no bad publicity.

Have you ever been approached by a big industry that wanted you to do some work for them?

No, not so far. I joke about that. I joke about Chevron approaching me and asking me to do a collage with nice little bunnies flying through the air over oil-polluted lakes. Yeah, that would be great.

Do you keep up with the hardcore/punk movement at all?

I'm not as thoroughly immersed in it as I used to be just because I don't think it is quite as vibrant as it used to be years and years ago. I should probably be in touch more. I had to ask the guy next to me today on the panel, "Hey, what is 'That's Incredible'?" And he said it was a TV show. In San Francisco, I get to see a lot of local bands and some are good and some are bad. I like music, my girlfriend's a musician. But I am not a huge fan of music. I haven't bought a

record in probably 15 years.

Do you think that punk – the ideas and ideals it carries with it – is a positive thing or that it is a good step toward being more aware?

I think that music has a certain power to it. Most of these bands won't ever become something big. The members will go on to be mechanics, pilots, or shoe salesmen. That's okay too as long as something else is out there, and something they did as a band got out there and inspired someone else. That's what it is about, getting people aware of what's going on. And even if the music is bad, I have heard a lot bad music, but I am glad they are doing something, at least they aren't sitting around. If you are an artist, a writer, a punk rock guitarist, it isn't that you are doing it hoping that someday you will strike it rich or that you will smash the state. You do it to learn some things that you will never forget for the rest of your life. You learn things about personal relationships, business, communicating, advertising, and self expression. Anything you do, keep at it. Do it because of the skills and satisfaction you get out of it.

If you could be born again in any decade, or have your artistic prime in any decade, which decade would you choose?

Mmm, good question. People think, 'oh the fabulous 50s, oh they were so wonderful.' Everybody was so happy and Soda Jerks gave you ten cent hamburgers and five cent sodas. But you know, it was also a period of horrible racism. Institutionalized racism, institutionalized sexism, violence against non-whites in America, exploitation of workers, union busting, I mean it was pretty miserable. I was there and fortunately I came from a white, lower middle class background and didn't necessarily have to endure the experience that sharecroppers in Mississippi had to endure. Look at the reservations, American Indians had to suffer as a result of the neglect of the American government. So it's hard to choose a decade where you can't find something that was wrong. Even if I

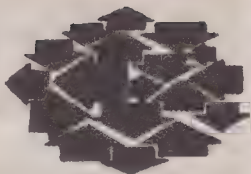
said, 'geez, I'd love to have been an artist in the Renaissance Italy,' well only a handful of them we even know about. The rest of them, they weren't exactly as much artists as they were home decorators, they got told what to make, they got told what to do, you couldn't have any free expression. I'm such a malcontent that it would hard for me to pick out a specific time, I've never really thought about that because I've always been happy to be here right now. I never wish that I was older than I am, never wish that I was younger than I am. I wouldn't mind being a little richer but that's about all.

How eager is the American public to soak up anything that is placed in front of their noses. Yesterday, we had talked about the sublimity in advertising and the acceptance, without any reservations, of images they see, say on the TV?

Americans are pretty happy to be passive and are ready to absorb whatever. That is one of the reasons why television is so successful in this country. TV is successful because middle class people come home from work, they're tired and they don't want to think about anything, they just want to be entertained, go to bed and do it all over again the next day. And I think that Americans are thus unfortunately sitting ducks for advertising and politicians who can manipulate the media and dictate what stories they will talk about. A friend of mine gets Time magazine and on the cover of a recent one there is this poor woman who is fleeing Kosovo. And the cover doesn't ask, 'Should We Even Be Doing This?' instead they ask, 'Are Ground Troops The Answer?' and no, ground troops aren't the answer, bombing isn't the answer, it's the wrong question. They select the question that you can debate, they only ask, 'shall we drop a million bombs, or only a thousand bombs?' 'Oh well let's not go so far as to drop a million, let's only drop a thousand, that'll do.' That's what makes you look like you're the soft-hearted liberal, 'instead of shooting them a hundred times, let's only shoot them three or four times.' You only die once.

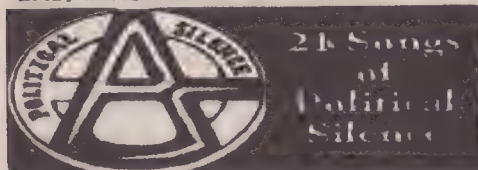
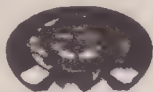


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Who, in your opinion, is "The Man?"

The Man is everywhere and everything. I think it's an idea. It's what motivated the kings in Europe in the Middle Ages to exploit peasants. Whenever there were uprisings, they would butcher everyone in town. The very idea that you should be independent and able to think for yourself was very dangerous. 700 years later, nothing has changed. Ideas are much more powerful than bullets. The pen is mightier than the sword. Of course in our society they decide who is going to have the pens too. So The Man is everywhere and generation after generation, The Man re-emerges, and of course generation after generation, people re-emerge to fight The Man. There was an uprising in the tenth or twelfth century, a peasant uprising in England, and the leader of that was called Wat Tyler, an English serf, and his uprising actually lasted for a couple of years and they successfully ground the aristocratic society to a halt until soldiers were able to find all of his men and kill them all. The same thing has happened over and over again, from Spartacus all the way up to now days. People like Mumia, Leonard Gautier, countless people that we don't even know who are just as effective and just as important but who have been silenced, it's why American Indians are literally kept as far away from Caucasian European society in America because they don't want anything around that might remind us that we weren't the first ones here.

You received some flak for doing the cover of Green Day's "Insomniac," but would you do it again?

Well it was Tres that I knew because he lived up in northern California, not too far from my ranch. And as a teenager, he asked me a couple of times, if I'd ever do artwork for his band. And I said, 'sure, just give me a call.'



So four or five years later he called me and I said, 'well how's it going?' because I'd seen the name in Maximum and a few other magazines and thought it was good that the guys finally got their butts off the ground, these raggedy-ass teenagers are finally doing something. People begrudge them because they've gotten successful, but like Ted <Rall> was saying, their music hasn't changed much, it couldn't happen to nicer guys, they're all really good eggs. I think a lot of people get accusatory in those cases because they are jealous, when they would be the first one to run to the bank with that check.

Do you think that that's interesting though, that they would come back to their roots and ask somebody more underground, instead of going with the Warner Brother's artist that they have on file...

No, that's exactly what happened, they even said, 'we want this person do the work,' over the objections of the company who was gonna make the record. Normally they'd say, 'look we've got a photographer, let's take a picture of you and throw on this photo on the cover,' they don't want to think about obscure, flying monkeys, they just want to see a picture of their idols. And then they came to me they just said, 'do whatever you want.' And I asked if there was some sort of theme that they wanted me to focus on, but they said, 'no, do whatever you want to do, it's your album, do the front cover and the back cover, this is your showcase.' I am surprised that they didn't ask me to write some words to a song. Actually afterward, the guys at the company, Warner Brothers, said, well usually we don't allow pictures of guns on our record covers, it's called 'standards and practices,' you know, they don't want to have too many naked babes, machine guns, or bombs going off. But

Conference on World Affairs Winston Smith

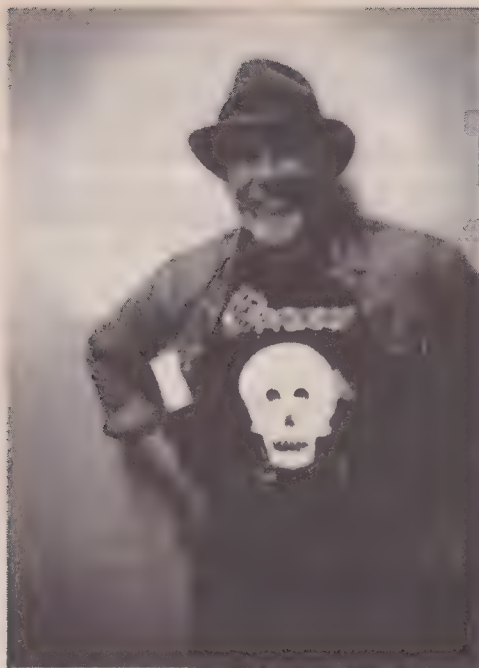
there's this gun in "Insomniac" and they said they would make an exception in this case, probably because their band was the biggest selling one in that kind of music around at the time.

I thought it was great how you were telling me earlier about using your part-time copy to help you fuel your art, because I really think it's cool that the punks are out there, using the resources available to them, killing two birds with one stone by supporting their projects both financially and with resources. How big of a part did that copy job play for Winston Smith?

Well, unfortunately we live in an industrialized society. So to have a machine that can reproduce pictures, that's really cool. Even though you have to money to run the machine, a place to have it, somebody has to pay rent, it has to be insured, somebody has to chop down these trees to make paper, all this nonsense. So we're all contributing, in some way, to the big machine and since we can't avoid it, we might as well use it to help this family. Use the printing press to smash the press. In my case, I guess I was just lucky because the man who ran the photo shop place really liked my work and he encouraged me to use it as much as possible, that was a big help.

How was it rooming with Jello <Biafra> who was and still is considered one of the forerunners of the 80's underground and beyond?

Jello is a nutty guy. He's a good egg. He's definitely someone who is a challenge to be with, but I like him a lot. No one could ever accuse him of being wishy washy about a subject. He has very distinct point of views, whether you like them or not. It actually worked out good because he and I have identical sleep schedules. We're always up to three or four in the morning and then crash out at some point to wake up at noon to one o'clock. I'll get a call at 3 o'clock in the morning and say, 'Hi Biafra.' Who else would call at three in the morning? Or I can call him at the same hour because I know he'll be awake. Don't call him at 9 AM, cause, me too, the ringer is turned off and we're sawing logs at that point. So it worked out really well. His music wasn't gonna keep me up and I wasn't gonna be up rattling around early in the morning to wake him up. I haven't seen mornings in years; actually I've been up earlier this week than I have been in a long time. We had this book signing here yesterday and Biafra's mom



came up to see me and I haven't seen her since he got married some years ago, and she was telling me slightly embarrassing stories about his youth here.

Yeah, actually his sister died up here rock climbing a couple of years ago.

Yeah that was a tragedy, she and her husband had just been married for a year and that's really too bad. The guy was from Scotland and his mom was hoping for grand children and all. No, she was saying that Biafra was in a couple of plays in high school, different summer drama camps and all. And I thought that that stands to reason because here is a skill that he is going on to use later in life on stage, just being able to project and have presence. She said he played the nazi in "Sound of Music," think about 'Biafra in the Sound of Music!' But he played the nazi and was so effective that some little kid from the audience came up to him and spat at him after the show. It's like when Vincent Price would walk down the street. He had a career as being the mean bad guy in every movie when he was really this real nice man, and when people would get angry at him he said he shouldn't take it personally, it was just the sign of being an effective actor. It worked for Reagan, I mean, people thought he was a nice guy. 40 years of playing the guy in white sure paid off.

And lastly, how is it looking back over the younger youth, the kids filled with energy who are perhaps taking off from where you left off, using what you started and revitalizing the revolution. To know that someone will always be there to stand up and ask questions.

Yeah, I think it's absolutely great. In fact, I've never been totally disappointed by what I see. When I see that people are carrying along a tradition from twenty years ago,

that's pretty satisfying, it shows you that it is a vibrant movement. Look at the hippy trip in the early seventies that was co-opted by the mainstream. I mean, that was Hallmark Cards- peace, love, flowers- I mean you can put it on toilet paper and shower curtains, it sells, it's very charming, colorful, agreeable. The machine, The Man, embraced that and sold it in the Sears and Roebuck, whereas I always thought that the punk rock thing wasn't going to be absorbed by the mainstream. I mean, certain parts of the punk scene, the more poser types, like green mohawks, have been absorbed by the mainstream, just because it's a safe enough distance from the radical things it stood for at the time, fifteen/twenty years ago. Or it becomes a clique upon which they can play off of and sell a product. But the real essence of punk still stands. Whatever you want to do, don't get discouraged by the fact that whatever you do, it's always going to be co-opted, misinterpreted, re-interpreted and usually hollowed out for popular consumption. I've had people misinterpret my stuff so much.

Do you have any closing comments, conclusions, stuff to leave after this week?
I think people should follow their own

Conference on World Affairs Winston Smith

intuition, and gain as much experience as they can in what you want to do, in what you want to create. Even if you wind up falling on your face doing something, that shouldn't keep you from doing it. There's a lot of people who never get off the ground because they're afraid of failure. Even falling on your face will teach you a valuable lesson, like which side you should fall towards next time, but it will help you in other things you do later on. I really can't say anything terribly profound, I think my personal reason for being here (CWA) is that I'm a bad example. I'm here to discourage other people to not follow in my footsteps, get a real job. I think that the best way to keep freedom of speech is to keep your mouth shut.

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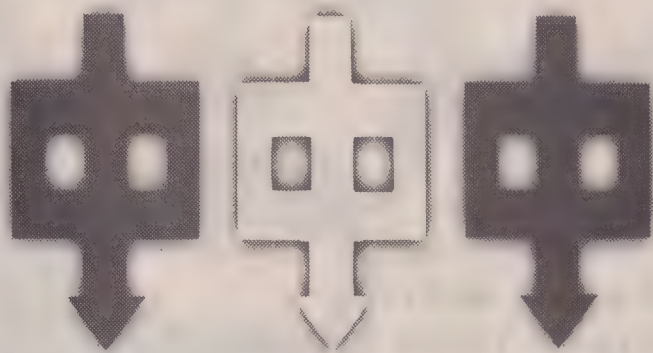
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one car pile-up®

So here is the first in a series of interviews with English bands. RITH advertising man Mike is heading out there for school in October and until then our correspondent Paul Phillpott will be hitting up bands. The first is One Car Pile-up from North Lincolnshire, a funny pop band that has done a couple of singles and are awaiting the release of their debut album. After a night of chasing down the right venue only to find a canceled show, only to find a relocated show, Paul caught up with our heroes in the restroom of a club after a recent show.

Here's the line up:

D - Dave (ocp)

T - Towie (ocp)

W - Wesley (ocp)

C - Chris (ocp)

VP - (Various member of Vanilla Pod)

S - Some wanker who worked at the venue.

RITH - Who are you and what do you do in One Car Pile-up?

T - Towie, drummer

W - Wesley

D - Dave, the singer

C - Chris - Are you going well?

RITH - Noooo, How's the tour been going anyway?

D - Good, Very good, until tonight.

T - Up and Down.

RITH - Any good/funny moments so far?

T - Mooners 21st birthday

D - We've had four birthdays on this tour, Mooner, Steve, mine, Gary's...

RITH - What do you think on Vanilla Pod?

All - They're shit, bunch of wankers with tiny cocks.

VP - They're fuckin shit as well, fucking bunch of c*nts, Towie get your hammer out, Ask him about the fuckin hammer

All - <Laughs>

RITH - What about the fuckin hammer?

D - Oh yeah, the funniest moment of the tour so far, was on the first night, Towie you tell the story from your perspective.

T - Er, I played a very good gig, I stopped work so I thought I'd care to indulge in a Tennets Super, so as the evening progressed I decided to get old Larry the Hairy out and smash my knee caps with it, for a start, and threatened all of Vanilla Pod with death, and er 1,2,3,4,5 you're all dead.

D - All dead.

T - All dead, that was the quote of the evening and then Dave found me in the toilets.

D - Found him at 8 O'clock in the morning.

T - And then erm....

D - After having a fight with Steve

T - Oh I slapped Steve Pod a good 'un.

RITH - How's your ankle?

T - My ankle, oh before, oh that's all right now, and I got woken up at six o'clock, oh no it weren't 6...

D - 8 O'clock

T - Eight o'clock in the morning, I was spread-eagled, fully clothed, with various members of Vanilla Pod jumping on my head,

D - With a big lump on the back of the head

T - Yeah, I had a lump on the back, and a broken rib.

All - <Laughs>

T - I think I'd fallen in the bathroom - that's what's new.

D - It's been downhill anyway...

W - That's Vanilla Pods excuse anyway, they kicked the fuck out of him when they found him.

T - So that sides all fucking collapsed

D - But he threatened to kill em all, and probably would have done, had Steve not dis-armed him.

RITH - So it's been a fun tour so far then?

D - Oh yeah.

T - Gary's bought a fish game.

D - I like to play games of boiling and freezing everyone in the van. If you're really bored in the van, shut all the windows, turn heating on, put jumpers on...



T - That's boiling, and freezing is...

D - Can you guess how to play Freezing?

T - Strip your top off and look weird to passers by.

D - I think three of us have got colds from playing freezing

RITH - How did the 7" on Damaged Goods happen?

D - Cos, Sean from Wat Tyler/ Rugger Bugger Records.

RITH - Sean Forbes.

D - Listen to our demo, Sean Forbes, Mr Sean Forbes Esq.

T - The God.

D - God of Punk, urm he liked our demo. I think, he wanted to do it himself but couldn't, and so he gave it to Ian.

RITH - How many were sold?

D - 1000 and that's it.

RITH - Is that from the two pressings?

D - Nah, just the one pressing.

RITH - I thought they were repressing it though?

D - They were going to but didn't.

RITH - What about the Crackle single?

D - Urm, we've know them for a while, and we sent them the first demo, and...

W - It was over-produced.

D - Yeah it was over-produced apparently.

T - Dave didn't want to do it but Becky did.

W - It wasn't Garage enough for us and our sound.

D - So we did a really nasterly produced second single.

All - <Laughs>

T - And they lapped it up.

D - And they loved it, oh well at least Dave liked it.

T - Dave's a God as well, Dave and Becky are gods.

RITH - Do you think Dave and Becky, Sean Forbes are important in the UK scene?

W - Yes definitely.

D - Oh, yeah totally yeah. They're putting us on with ALL in a months time.

T - Direct from New York.

D - Yeah, they've been doing it for years, and support a lot of bands and other projects.

T - And Dave's about my age so I can really...

D - ...talk to him about football.

T - Talk about football and Crass.

W - Crass - I was the first Crass kid (sacastic tone).

RITH - How did the single, or rather six way split 7", happen with Speedowax?

D - Yeah, I think he asked virtually every band in the country to do something, he's been doing that label for about a year or so...

? - Yeah, Rich Boy, he's had loads of releases.

D - Yeah, he's turning the records out and most of them are pretty good.

RITH - And nice coloured vinyl on top of it all.

D - Oh yeah.

W - We just did it for the coloured vinyl really.

D - I think we're supposed to be doing a picture disc with Vanilla Pod, a split picture disc. So we can goof around and stuff.

RITH - What about getting the album out?

D - Urm, I think it might even happen before, cos we are only going to do two songs for it.

RITH - Any news on the long awaited album, the long long awaited album?

W - Any time now.

D - It's out when it's out.

RITH - It's been advertised as coming soon since about May last year.

D - Yeah, that's what we told them.

W - It's been on every month since then.

T - The whole thing was we wanted to do it but we didn't want to do it in a studio so they were going to give us a grand to do it, so we said that we'd set up our own studio and save them some money.

RITH - How many tracks have you done so far?

D - We got about eight...

T&W - Eight for the album.

W - But we need to soundproof it and get little glitches out.

RITH - How many tracks not for the album?

D - Er, none, everything we got is going on the album, all the stuff we haven't recorded before.

RITH - What about QVC?

W - May, at a push.

D - Might put it on a single.

RITH - Split single.

D - Speedowax single.

W - Us covering Vanilla Pod songs, them covering our songs.

T - With a jaunty little number on the side.

D - But don't hold us to that.

RITH - What do you think about people who only listen to American bands?

D - There's a lot of good English bands, so they don't have to.

C - Still here?

RITH - Still here, any bands you recommend?

D - Which ones?

RITH - British ones

ALL - Consumed, Joe 90, Otherwise, Dropnose, Douglass, Doug, Vanilla Pod, Skimmer...



film before it was to play some gigs, so Star Wars is a priority, Gigs are second.

MAD CAP PISS TAKE ABOUT GETTING IN WAY OF SINK

RITH - Do you think too many British bands split up before getting an album out?

D - There are not the labels to put the albums out, no British labels willing to risk putting out a album by a British band, Crackle started going onto albums, a few of their bands are doing albums now, Household Name, apart from that I can't really think of any.

RITH - Speedowax is thinking.

D - Yeah, and Them's

Good, Vanilla Pod's Label, is signing a lot of the English Bands. Otherwise, Beauty School Dropout, 99 years....

W - 99 years, that's another fine English band.

D - Bugger.

RITH - Do you think the North is the main area for the UK punk scene?

D - Yeah, Leeds is amazing at the moment. So many gigs going on all the time, so many good bands.

RITH - Any last words?

T - Oh, SERVO.

RITH - Cheers for doing this, sorry for the inconvenience,

W - We are in the convenience.

RITH - That was the worst joke so far.

D - He's got a million of them.

All - More English bands: Cone, Pilon, Turtlehead, Shatterhand...

S - Can you lot stand around by the toilets as people are coming in and out and they can't get to the sink.

ALL -.....Snuff, Goober Patrol....

RITH - Ok you're going to New York later this year, in May, for the Star Wars film release...

S - Can you not hang around by the toilets though, as people are coming in and out...

D - Four weeks today we leave.

RITH - Do you have the tickets yet?

D - Yep.

RITH - No, for the cinema.

D - Ohh no!,

W - It's a week after it comes out so...

T - We have to queue.

RITH - So you're all big Star Wars fans then?

D - Yeah.

RITH - You got dates for the gigs then?

D - No, not yet, the guy's sorting it out sorta now, so hopefully when we get back home we have some waiting for us, obviously the idea was to see the

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Talking about Denver punk rock of days past, names like FOUR, ELEVENTH HOUR and SON OF SAM, often come up. It's of no coincidence that members of these bands would come together and form today's MESSYHAIRS and put out a killer LP/CD "Dead State" on Seven Lucky Records. Josh, Dave and myself sat out on the porch of the house they share with several others while the hot afternoon sun started fading in the background. All of these neighborhood kids kept on running up to the porch and hanging all over the guys and it was great to see everybody sitting around and having a good time with the arrival of summer. Do yourselves a favor and check out their latest release before it becomes a classic.

Interview by Stefan. Art by Dave. Picture at Trip's party.



Rith: Introduce yourselves, what instruments do you play and speak for the unspoken.

Josh: Heraldo plays drums, Josh plays bass, Dave plays guitar.

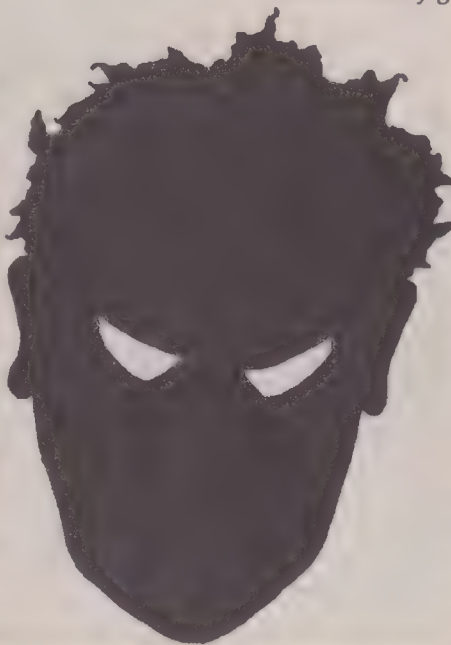
Dave: Heraldo is held up in the judicial system fighting battles for the good of all mankind so he couldn't be here presently.

Rith: What instance delivered him into the arms of the judicial system?

Dave: I don't really actually know this time.

Rith: Then how can he be fighting for the good of all mankind if you don't know what he's fighting for?

Dave: I don't know why he's there today, but he's always fighting for the good of mankind. But he's a menace to society at the same time, which is probably why he's there.



Rith: But you guys would be pissed if they locked him away forever and he couldn't fight the fight anymore.

Dave: He's gotten through a lock. They can't lock him away.

Rith: They can't lock him away?

Josh: Never.

Rith: What is the dominating theme behind the new album, 'Dead Scene'?

Dave: The record or the song?

Rith: The record. What ideas, thoughts, inspirations put together the record?

Josh: Rock n roll. Mayhem

Dave: Well "Dead Scene" basically is how where a part of the punk scene is like a little community, but at the same time, there's a lot of two-faced stuff going on, a lot of selfish people and a lot of people who preach things that they don't live. There's still a lot of racism, a lot of hatred in the scene. Homophobia, and all kinds of stuff. So "Dead Scene" is just kind of about how there is a scene that is supposed to stand for all of this great stuff, and we're supposed to help each other out, but...

Josh: ..nobody gives a shit.

Dave: Yeah. A lot of the time it's just a front, an ego front and it's not even real, it's a trend. A lot of people are into this stuff this week and then you'll never see them again. To us, this stuff is real, it's our life every day and seeing people come and go like that is depressing.

Rith: How do you make it more real and keep people in it?

Dave: Well, if it's not real for people then I don't really want them to be into it, so I don't really go out of my way to hold on to people. If they're new to it, show them what it's all about, show them all of the options. If they stick with it, then great, but I'd really only have them stick with it if it's true to them.

Rith: What's the best thing about Denver right now?

Josh: The summer.

Dave: The bands. All the bands.

Josh: Yea! People are starting rad bands now.

Dave: So many good bands. It's like, Soda Jerk Records did that New Frontier comp a while ago, with like 30 Colorado bands, but that's not even half of all the good bands. To get every really good band, it'd take like four records right now.

Josh: He didn't even get all of the good bands.

Dave: There are still a lot that aren't there. Everybody's pretty nice here, people are cool.

Rith: But at times you guys are all a part of the strong political and personal messages against Dan Steinberg, a promoter in town. Where are the Messyhairst coming from?

Dave: Fuck that guy dude. That guy's a total asshole. First off, he doesn't care about punks at all, or anything about the punk scene.

Rith: He's not a punk.

Dave: I mean a lot of promoters aren't punks, they just do shows. But at least they're kinda into the music or whatever, while he's just into money and himself. The only people that he treats well are people whose asses he kisses.

(At this point some of the neighborhood kids run up and take over as they question why the hell music isn't coming out of my tape recorder and use Dave and Josh as human jungle gyms)

Rith: How important is it for a kid to get some good base education established before heading out into the world, instead of dropping out of school at 14 or whatever?

Dave: Well, I'm not much to speak for, as far as school goes because I didn't do so well.

Rith: Not just school, in general, to educate yourself about what's going on....

Dave: I think it's really really important. It's really important to know what's going on around you and who you are and what life is all about. That's what's going to get you through life and that's what's going to make you a better person. I mean, education is what's going to help people make the world better, you just can't do too much without knowing what's going on. Some stuff you can learn in school, but I think learning is more of an experience thing.

Rith: Josh, how do you feel about Dave, the front-man that he is, being such an idol and heartthrob as he gets all the young teenage girls?

Josh: laughs

Dave: Is that a real question? That's not a real question.

Josh: I'm fine with it. Man, I don't care as long as I have fun, that's all I care about. I think it's funny. In the girls bathroom at Café Euphrates, a year ago, there was a rating of the boys in Denver on the wall and Dave was number 1.

Rith: But you're cool with him getting the attention?

Josh: Yeah, cause it gives me stuff to make fun of him for.

Dave: I think that we're going to have to eliminate that whole last part of the conversation.

Rith: I think it's on the tape now.

Dave: Oh man, come on.

Rith: There's just rumors about you and young girls Davey.

Dave: I haven't heard any.

(Eight-year-old neighborhood bad boy Shaquille joins us on the porch and starts screaming into the mic)

Josh: That's Shaquille man, a kid prodigy.

Rith: Shaquille's got some energy.

Rith: What kind of part does graffiti and stenciling play in the whole propaganda, punk rock and educating others scene?

Josh: Graffiti's beautiful.

Rith: Yeah it is.

Dave: I think it's a big part. It's like, society builds all these buildings and walls. You know, all this stuff that we're really not a part of; I mean in a way we are- everybody's going to go to a bank or a grocery store, or past a telephone pole.

Graffiti's kind of like our way of building our buildings, putting our piece of it into the puzzle. Same with stenciling. It's so DIY, just cut out a picture and go to a show and spray paint it on people's clothes. It's what punk rock is all about. Just doing it by yourself, however you want to do it.

Rith: But how would you feel on the other hand if someone tagged your car or house?

Dave: Oh, I don't condone any kind of graffiti on personal stuff. I think that writing on people's cars and houses is really lame.

But you know, on a dumpster, or on the sidewalk, or a bank...

Rith: ... a telephone post...

Josh: ... a billboard.

Dave: Or a wall or a bridge, I think that's no problem at all.

Josh: The city is ours, but people's houses and cars, that's theirs.

Dave: And we pay the taxes to build that stuff, so paint as much as you want. But I definitely think that it's really lame to mess with people's property.

Rith: If you guys could play alongside any non-punk band, who would it be?

Josh: Any non punk band? Dave would go for PM Dawn, or George Clinton and the P-Funk Allstars.

Dave: Oh yea, I would.

Josh: I would open up for Master P by far, anything by Master P, I'd be all over that.

Dave: Madonna or Michael Jackson.

Rith: But would you play Michael Jackson type music or would you be the Messyhairst?

Josh: Us!

Dave: Messyhairst definitely. We suck bad enough playing Messyhairst songs, we're not going to try to do something else, that would be really bad.

Rith: How great is it having Heraldo in the band? I mean, yeah he's late sometimes, but..





Josh: He's late all the time!

Dave: Yeah, but I have to give him some credit, he's been showing up before us lately. It's cool. He wasn't the original drummer. But we're really glad to have him now. He's put so much stuff into the band. We all write songs together and everyone puts in their own ideas, it's the best the band has ever been. Definitely the tightest.

Rith: Have you ever become so frustrated that you wanted to become a bar band and just screw the kids?

Josh: Hell no.

Dave: Sometimes I've been mad and not wanted to play, but I've never wanted to play in a bar.

Rith: What do you think the big attraction for other bands to play bars is?

Josh: Money.

Dave: Yeah, money. A lot of people get to a certain age and they just want to be that age and grow up. The bar scene is more for older people that want to be punk but..

Josh: It's for the people that want to be punk on the weekends and then go sell insurance or fucking scam old people during the week for money. For jerks.

Dave: Everybody goes there to drink and I've never really seen anybody that into a band. The band is just background music. There's not really any energy.

Josh: I don't want to be background music for somebody's alcoholism.

Rith: What are the main messages and stances behind the Messyhairst as a band? What kinds of things would you want to convey towards a younger audience that was willing to listen?

Josh: Have fun, for sure.

Dave: That's the main principle behind the band, to just have fun. We care about a lot of stuff around the world, but overall, you only live once, take advantage of it. We're probably the worst band ever, playing-wise, we suck. But we always have fun, we're never mad about sucking so much. Everybody in the band is vegetarian, for animal rights....

Rith: Do you still see yourself as punk rock at 50?

Dave: I'll probably live the same life as long as I live. I don't see any changes coming up. I don't know if you can classify it as punk rock.

Josh: Depends on what you say punk rock is. But I never see myself outgrowing getting arrested or breaking bottles. Maybe not even playing music or anything like that, but I'll do things my own way, live for myself.

Dave: I probably won't have like a mohawk when I'm 50, but..

Josh: ...I won't be anybody's puppet, that's for sure.

Rith: How are the ties with George (Fraska [played with Dave in FOUR, original Messyhairst drummer, etc.]) right now?

Dave: I don't really see him. He's a good guy. Everybody kinda went separate ways and he's just into different stuff right now, we don't really cross paths. But I think he's happy.

Josh: Yeah. I'm just mad at him because he doesn't hang out.

Dave: Yeah, we wish we could hang out.

Josh: He hung out with us for a while after he came back, but that was it, maybe it's cause we're ugly.

Rith: What the hell is a messyhair then?

Dave: You really want to hear this story again?

Rith: Let's hear it.

Josh: but you can't put any spaces in it when you type it.

Dave: GeorgeandIworkedatTicketmasterandweworkedin-cubiclesacrossfromeachotherandwewouldthrowthingsateach-otherandcausetrouble. Everybodyusedtomakefunofusatwork-becauseourhairwasmessyandwehadshortsonwithlongunder-wearunderthemanduglyasshaircuts. Allthepeoplewouldmake-funofusandourmessyhairandsomehowoutofthat,thewordmessy-haircameoutandwedecidedtostartascoterclub,sowegotallour-friendstogetherbutnobodyhadscootersowehadtobreakupthe-scooterclubandturnitintoaskateteaminsteadothenwegotevery-bodyandthatissstillcool.

Josh: We're about to start bike team and a bowling league.

Dave: Anyway, sothatwascool,wehadthemessyhairsskatecrew-andthenstartedabandandwotesomesongsandwe'restillthe-messyhairst.

Rith: What is an ideal day for you guys as individuals? I mean, wake up at 8, skate for two hours, eat, play, whatever... Ideally, I mean you don't have to worry about work or money or whatever.

Dave: Josh, you go first. Dude, I got a long day coming up.

Josh: I'd get up while it was still kind of chilly in the morning, before it got too hot, and go skating, and then I'd ride my bike for a while and go to record stores, hang out with my girlfriend, kiss Nate, go around the city and look at everybody. Eat a lot of food, watch movies, yeah. Learn how to read books.

Dave: All right. Wake up at a good hour, not too late and not too early. Take a shower and get all clean, go to Water Course, eat breakfast.

Josh: Oh yea! Water Course would be my food part.

Dave: I'd eat all the good stuff without getting full and then go skate for a long while, eat lunch at the Jerusalem Restaurant, go skate some more, go to the Park, go swimming, dry off, skate a little bit, eat dinner at the Blue Bonnet Restaurant, drive around town some in a cool car...

Rith: Pick some young girls up.

Dave: I don't know nothing about young girls. Watch the sunset, play a really rad show with lots of kids and all of my friends' bands, go to Synergy and dance for a while. Watch a movie in a dark basement or theater, a real good movie, and probably go skate some more. Take another shower and go to bed.

Rith: Are you happy with the new record?

Josh: John (Seven Lucky Records) did a good job of making it sound real good, he made it sound not like us!

Dave: He made me tune my guitar like eight times

Josh: I like it. I listen to it a lot.

Dave: My friend told me that it is a total eighties record and that there's no nineties in it at all. I didn't know if that was good or bad.

Rith: Yeah, even the drum fills sound old.

Dave: That's really cool in a way, but I hope that doesn't mean that we haven't progressed any, since the eighties.

Josh: Yea, when we were playing in the eighties (laughs).

Rith: I heard Josh messed up McDonalds real good a while ago.

Josh: I redistributed the location of rocks.

Dave: Through windows at people eating.

Rith: Was this in the daylight or the night-light?

Josh: It was under the cover of a want to be Super Bowl riot.

Dave was laughing so hard that he couldn't throw one. Dave started an assault on a police car though. He threw a bottle and it missed and we ran away but when we looked back, everyone had started throwing things.

Dave: My friend in El Paso, he took the plastic lids off of trash cans and went to Burger King late at night and put plastic lids over all of the chimneys. The next day when he drove by, it was all smoked out and they closed.

Rith: Now, two/ three years after the now famous Propagandhi show riot in Denver, what are your reflections back on that night?

Dave: All I really remember at that show was that that was one of the coolest shows, it was really fun and a lot of kids were there. Everybody was having a good time, no fights, no problems, then the cops came and turned it into a huge free-for-all. Everybody was getting beat up. It was a mess, I think that it's really lame that such a peaceful thing could turn into a riot that quickly.

Rith: You guys have any last words?

Josh: West side!

Dave: I'd like to say thanks to everybody. Everybody in Colorado right now is really cool. We've looked at a lot of other places but this is the best. Everybody helps each other out. I used to want to move, just anywhere, but I like this the best now. I hate the wintertime, but the only thing about the winter is that it makes the summer twice as awesome.



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REVIEWS

THE MUSIC BEHIND THE MESSAGE

Reviewers: Andy Wild (AW), Brad Lewis (BL), Dustin Hardgrove (DH), Ed Mitchell (EM), Hilary Petrock (HEP), John Fisher (JF), Jesse Shogun (JS), Mike Becker (MB), Mike McCabe (MM), Nik Buening (NB), Stefan Sub (SS)

ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR- s/t CD
From the opening "Empty Seat," I really want to like Abnormal Behavior. They're the type of band that would never "sell out," with their hard working ethics and do it yourself principle. On this disc they play mid to fast-tempo punk with some definite ska influences mixed in. But one can't blow this off as just another punk with ska band. There are some gems on this album that definitely venture into the next level of punk rock song writing. A solid self-release. SS (AB, 1520 41st Street, North Bergen, NJ 07047)

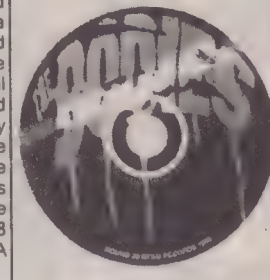
AFI- "Black Sails At Sunset" CD
Wow. I'm going to go ahead and say that this is probably the best release I've heard from this band! This album is absolutely great, it definitely makes me wanna jizz. Every song on here is good, there are some fast ones, some slow ones, and a couple of songs that have these intense choruses that make me tingle when I hear them. The songs are very intelligent, both musically and lyrically. This is album is just really great. My favorite song is the 4th track, "Maleus Maleficarum," it is straight-up rock n' roll. In fact, there is a strong theme throughout this album that harkens back to the dark 80's metal style. Yeah, this album is all about 80's rock. If you never listen to any AFI otherwise, listen to this album. EM (Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave, F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

THE ATARIS- "Blue Skies, Broken Hearts..." CD
This release was very tight, with a poppy feel. The second guitar added another dimension to the songs, making them fuller and adding to the emo feel of this album generated by the tales of woe and loss in the lyrics. I would file this CD somewhere between pop punk and emo, as it contains some of the best elements of both. I found myself rocking out to this CD repeatedly, it always seemed to find its way into my player and my whole body soon got caught up in the music as the Ataris rocked away song after song. JF (Kung-Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

THE AVENGERS- "Died For Your Sins" CD
This is good music. The lead singer is a female, but there are male backup singers that sort of balance things out. The Avengers sound an awful lot like the Damned on about half the songs, which is a damned good thing. However, some tracks (esp. "the good the bad and the Kowalskis") sound a smidgen like raw Hole, which is fine because they provide the listener with some variation in musical style. I don't think Penelope (the singer) would like being compared to Courtney Love - she is much more aggressive and shall we say nastier than Courtney - but on some of the songs you can't miss the similarity in voice. This CD is refreshingly unique with a wide range of lyrical and musical styles. Some of it is live, and exposes Penelope's vicious attitude toward the crowd, just like the live Damned album. Died for Your Sins is also pretty long (21 songs, 48 minutes) so you aren't likely to get tired of it after a couple listens. A great look back at an even greater band. HEP (Lookout, PO Box 11347, Berkeley, CA 94712)

THE BELTONES- "Naming My Bullets" CD
So what do you do when you run headfirst into an incredible punk band like the Beltones but don't have the money for their ass kicking CD? Buy this 7" which features the best four songs off the full length! This ep comes with a great cover complete with Beltones bullets being named! The vinyl is even as thick as old 45" were made and is less easy to warp when you're walking back from the Sunday matinee in the pouring rain. Absolutely fantastic! SS (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE BELTONES- "On Deaf Ears" CD
10 songs of bitter street punk. The guitarist of the BELTONES probably strums his ass off at rehearsal. From the fast jabs on this



album alone, it's easy to tell that having an exclusive on pick sales to the Beltones would be a great investment. The songs range from mid-tempo to quick-paced and captivate listener from start to finish. Meanwhile the vocalist spews out stinging stories of working class life and youth oppression in his gnarly, marbles in the throat voice. A great disc. SS (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

BILLYCLUB - "Serve Loud" CD
Does anyone else think it is weird when you like a bands cover song better than their originals? Well that's the case here, Billyclub's cover of 999's 'Homicide' has blown me away every time I've seen them. I'm not completely trashing the other six songs on this CD, I'm just saying that the cover is amazing. My favorite element in Billyclub is guitarist Karl Morris and from the opening chords I can tell that this album will not fall short of my expectations of him. Karl has played in just about every great UK band (Exploited, UK Subs, blah blah blah) and has a style about his playing that gets my blood pumped to be able to witness him rock in person. Billyclub is energetic but dirty punk rock from Texas that sounds like Texas punk should. SS (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

BLAST-OFF HEADS- "Making H Sounds" CD
I think this is one of the better CDs to come out of Denver. Seeing them live a before, I would say that they truly like to rock. Not your typical punk CD, this one has a very unique sound to it. Some songs have a fast paced, in your face, fuck you sound to them, while others are a bit more on the silly side. Either way, a lot of the songs were very catchy, and they have a way of getting stuck in your head. This one's a keeper. NB (Greazy Chicken, PO Box _____, Evergreen, CO 80437)

THE BODIES - s/t CD
My second favorite review this go around. Quick drum beats, and good bass that wanders around. Fist shaking sound, with words that you can decipher without the insert. Good music that would bring the crowd up front to the stage and get 'em moving. Highlights: "Down to the Beach," "Pack your Bags" and "California Republic" -- yeah there another California band, but they have a distinct enough sound to make it. I would give this a definite check it out. Mikey likes it. MB (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

BOY SETS FIRE- "In Chrysalis" CD
Very good hardcore. This is by far one of the most interesting, intricate, original hardcore records I've heard in a long time. The vocals are sung instead of screamed all the time, which gives the sound much more melody. The only problem, and perhaps still a compliment, is that this is only an EP and leaves much more to desired. Sounds somewhat like good SNFU at times. If you are growing tired of simple two chord, chugga chugga hardcore then be sure to pick this album up before you lose all hope. DH (Initial, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217)

CARTER PEACE MISSION- "Disco Stu Likes Disco" CD
Very fast paced punk rock with a semi nasal singer. The comedic lyrics were amusing, good for a chuckle, yet holding nothing sacred. The recording was a little biased towards the upper end of the sound spectrum, but this did not really detract from the listenability of it. A slew of songs in the nice bowling alley pop vein, something to drink shakes to with your friends as you check out the girls at the table across the room. JF (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

CHALKLINE - "In The Present Tense" CD
This is good, real good. Every other song jumps out at me and catches my attention. But of course you have to ask the question, does the band make the times or do the times make the band? In this case Chalkline definitely has an easier road ahead of them



"Little Boots" CD

Beer Drinking Street Rock Anthems from Canada



Male and female vocals trading back and forth make this CD tough as nails, sharp as a swithblade and sweet as candy

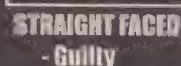
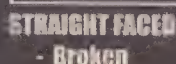
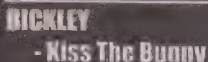


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because of the current popularity of the rhythmic emo hardcore that they play. A year ago, they could have been a very popular new school metal hardcore band (as the lead guitarist sometimes wanders off to which adds a level of excitement to the CD as a whole), but now they opt more for the oversteering of emotion in the promo sheets, the emo cover and the singing of vocals at times. I'm not complaining, because Chalkline pull it off quite well, it just needed to be said. BL
(Shandle, PO Box 1032, Mentor, OH 44061)

CHOKING VICTIM - "No Gods/No Managers" CD
Mostly punk ska, but they aren't afraid to bust out the metal from time to time. Most of the songs are either anti-American government or are about suicide and depression. I like the dedication written on the back of the album which reads, "...This is especially dedicated to all racists, rapists, sexists, homophobes, wife-beaters, and anyone who takes advantage of, hurts, and/or exploits anybody else weaker than them world-wide!!! Beware the wrath of the victim!!!" Hell yes, punk rock attitude form the ghetto. MM
(Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90026)

CIGAR - "Speed is Relative" CD
Yes, speed is relative, and Cigar proves it here. I remember the first time when I played my roommate ALL's "Allroy for Prez" and he said that no drummer could ever drum that fast. Well that's what Cigar does. Take every other bands double time tempo and turn it into the single time beat of Cigar. From the onset of the lightning fast music it becomes quickly apparent that Cigar are a three-piece with just as much responsibility for melody placed on the shoulders of the bassist (if not more) as the guitarist's. The music is technical and fast (I can't emphasize that enough) and comes across as a super-talented Millencolin. SS
(Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

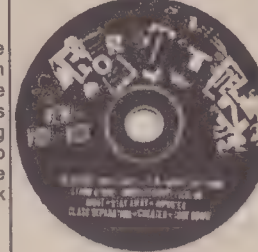
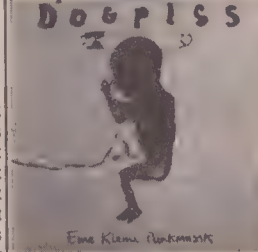
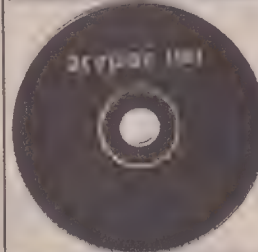
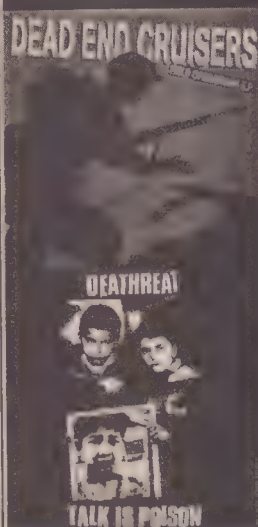
CITIZEN FISH - "Habit" 7"
This is funny. When Citizen Fish recorded these four songs in 97 and 998, the music, mixing mastering sounded like absolute dog crap, so they deeply regretted pressing 1500 copies and thus have released this remastered and mixed version and Lookout will exchange this for any copy of the original pressing if those buyers want better sound clarity. Sounds almost like a little bit of a collector's run, eh? My solution: fans should have both. SS
(Lookout, PO Box 11347 Berkeley, CA 94712)

THE COST - s/t CD
The COST play great, emotional hardcore with screamy choruses that make you break a sweat just listening in. There are melodies to found here, they are just so subtle that we really ignore their importance, opting instead to focus our attention on the high energy and hard hitting band that backs our screaming friend as they pummel up and down chord latters, never missing a beat. A good, angry disc that will put in a sort of road rage mood, yeah. SS
(Bad Monkey, 473 North St., Oakland, CA 94609)

DARLINGTON - "Bowling Betty" 7"
There's nothing that I like better than seeing a handful of punk rockers out on a Saturday night with their bowling ball carrying bags in hand. Hey, now wouldn't that be a perfect cover for this ep! But no, instead we get the band mates simply carrying their instrument cases. But if anyone could still pull off this record it would be Mutant Pop, with the classic Mutant Pop cover and purple vinyl for the first pressing available to mailorder customers. These are three tracks pulled off a DAT from when Darlington wasn't Darlington, and they sound raw and fun, with the pop punk still prevailing over all. Decent- no more, no less. SS
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

DAVID HILLYARD AND THE ROCKSTEADY 7 - "Playtime" CD
This CD is excellent. A new ska band that brings back the first wave ska sound. If you love Hepcat, you should buy this CD. It is close to Hepcat's sound, and it's no coincidence either, because Alex Desert and Greg Lee of Hepcat sing on some of the songs. I give this a very high recommendation to anyone who is down with the roots of ska music. MM
(Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90026)

DEADEND CRUISERS - "Field Operations" 7"
TKO has just recently put out a slew of great 7"s, and this is the worst of them. The A-side song is a miserably weak composition which makes me want to leave the room and take a piss break. The Deadend Crusiers play slow to mid tempo rolling punk that presents very little life, just some hand clapping and harmonica playing scattered here and there, but never the kick start into a good tempo change or bridge that could save the band from falling down into the pit of bands who could only play in front of a completely drunk audience. SS
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)



DEAD MAN'S CHOIR - "What's Wrong With Me?" 7"
Black Flag immediately came to mind for some reason. This is punk rock with both of its two big balls exposed, that's right, it doesn't get more balls out than this. Don't let the pink vinyl make you mistake Dead Man's Choir for pussies, to the contrary, their fast punk with screaming guitar solos that last no longer than four measures will get you r heart racing just as any drug that one might think these guys take. SS
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

DEATHREAT/ TALK IS POISON 7"
The Deathreap side on this is all right. This is not my favorite kind of Punk Rock, but it definitely has a feel all to itself. Plus they manage to squeeze 5 songs on one side of a 7", so that's pretty cool and will definitely hook you up with your money's worth. Lots of short, pissed songs, and I'm kind of into that. So the Deathreap side is good, lightning fast punk rock with screamed vocals. It's cool, But I think I like the "Talk Is Poison" side better. The singer screams, like Deathreap, but I love this guy's voice. He does it a little bit clearer, and there's something about his voice that makes it sound more pissed. Maybe it's a little bit more strained, but it sounds like this guy probably pops a blood vessel every time he sings. Definitely give this one a listen. EM
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

DECAY - "Back in the House" 7"
Pretty cool, that's how I am going to describe this album. Very reminiscent of STRIFE, even more so than their CD. Except the vocals are a little bit more tough-core sounding. The vocals make me think of big, 300 pound round guys that have thick calf muscles and wear basketball jerseys and have tattoos all the way down their arms to the wrists. But I'm definitely into it. Not necessarily cream your shorts material, but a good quality release from this band none-the-less. EM
(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

DECAY - "Destiny" CD
Woah, this album whipped me pretty bad. I suppose you could compare it to STRIFE, or maybe TEN YARD FIGHT, that kind of double time, tough sounding Hardcore, I'm pretty into it. They're a four piece too, and they have two singers that trade off on the vocal parts, which sounds pretty cool because it adds a lot more variety to each song. Do yourself a favor and at least give this one a listen, or borrow it from a friend, find a way to get your hands on it somehow, it's pretty cool. EM
(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

DESPISE YOU - "West Side Horizons" CD
When a band puts 62 songs onto a single album, am I the only one to question whether the vocalist (or screamer in this case) really has lyrics memorized to every single one of them? DEPISE YOU pack in so much punch that it's not even funny. That's right, 62 songs, 44 minutes and lots of really cool work shirt pictures in the booklet. With most of the songs clocking in well under less than a minute one knows that D.Y. is a grinding crust-trash band that creeps into the madness that they call power violence these days. I can't believe that they can blame Marilyn Manson for senseless violence when this is 62 times more brutal. No shit. SS
(Pessimiser, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

DIESEL BOY - "Sofa King Cool" CD
What happened to the "cock rock" theme? I thought that that was Diesel Boy's thing and now they name an album "Sofa King Cool"? This time around the songs almost appear to be written in rock-opera fashion, with the songs flowing into each other somewhat smoothly, each coming to a climax and then falling back down again for the next scene. This is more of pop punk that the boys are known for- they still right about girls and sound like snotty pop punks. A decent release that was overshadowed by Honest Don's DOGPISS CD. SS
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119)

DISCOUNT/ CIGARETTEMAN 7"
Discount has teamed up with their Japanese counterparts to bring you this release of pure unadulterated punk rock. Originally released on Snuffy Smile in Tokyo it quickly sold out, Discount fans fear not, it has been re-released on Suburban Home Records. Discount only has one girl in it, but yet they have layered the voices over the track a few times for an interesting combo. Cigaretteman's heavily accented English adds another layer to its catchiness. JF
(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

DOGPIS - "Eine Kleine Punkmusik" CD
I'm not gonna ignore the Snuff comparisons here- why should anyone? Two out of four members come directly from Snuff (both Duncan's) and so the vocals say 'SNUFF' all over them in large print for the intoxicated (like those playing cards) and we even get a 'Bollocks to it all' lyric which will make all of us Americans jizz in our

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pants, cooing, "Ooooh, they're English, I love a foreign man with a good voice." The entire CD rocks, with some hard-hitting hardcore hate-filled songs, which always come back to painfully incredible pop punk with fantastic harmonies and driving lines galore. Finally, somebody has the guts to fill the old Snuff's shoes. And on a side note, this cover receives the most fucked up coloring and layout of the year. SS

(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119)

DR. FRANK- "Show Business is My Life" CD

Hey, it's that one guy from the Mr. T Experience. What, did he think he could get more girls if he did a solo project? This sounds like the Alternative is Here to Stay/ And The Women Who Love Them MTX releases. Half of the songs are the MTX driving pop punk and the other half is Dr. Frank himself using that voice and guitar of his in nice little acoustic medleys. He even got Aaron Elliot of Crimpshrine/Pinhead Gunpowder/ Hi-Fives to record with him. I dig it, but bring me the old MTX back any day over solo projects caused by changing musical tastes. SS

(Lookout, PO Box 11347 Berkeley, CA 94712)

DRIPPING GOSS- "Blue Collar Black Future" CD

Dripping Goss is an interesting blend of pop and pseudo-indie rock, with a bit of a corporate/classic rock flair. A lot of the stuff was pretty cheesy, with generic blues-derived bass parts and watered-down melodramatic vocals. However, I did like some of the different intermingling of styles they threw together. For instance, one part reminded me of Pink Floyd, while another part close by in the song resembled (dare I say) Fugazi. The drummer seemed pretty solid and the guitar parts were surprisingly dissonant at times, both of which helped give it a distinct, unique flavor. In general, the more abstract it got, the more I definitely liked it, but I don't know if I'd spend MY money on it. JS

(CBGB, 315 Bowery, New York, NY 10003)

DROPKICK MURPHYS- "The Gang's All Here" CD

A year ago, on Saint Paddy's Day 1998 I was standing just outside the pit at The Business/ Dropkick show keeping my eyes open for any sign of all hell breaking loose with the potential for riots, violence and a venue consuming fight. The Gang's All Here, to me, is a step back into the sincerity and strength of the Dropkick Murphys. Al Barr on vocals bring a lot more rawness and more subtle melodies into the mix and fans of the Brusiers will not be disappointed in the least. The album is well thought out with Pogues styled Irish influences and fast street punk with hints of melody scattered throughout. SS

(Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026)

DUCKY BOYS- "Live From the Banks of the River..." CD

I'll get my complaint about putting out 6 song CD ep's by bands that I like out of the way before going on with the rest of the review. In my opinion, this is by far the best Ducky Boys material put out to date. Grasp vocals and straightforward street punk sum up the Ducky Boys. But this is also a tribute to the college radio stations, like the one where this was recorded, who dare to play different and sometimes controversial music on their airwaves. Who would have ever thought that a street punk album would top the college radio charts in Cambridge, MA? A solid EP, but give me more, please. SS

(Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)

EL DIABLO- "The \$6.66 EP" CDEP

This 5 song ep rocks much harder than I remember EL DIABLO rockin'. The band itself is made up of rock stars from various Texas bands live Reverend Horton Heat, but more importantly, the Hagfish Blair brothers round out the line-up. When I interviewed them last summer they said that El Diablo was their place to play material they couldn't do in Hagfish. Hence the much rawer and harder music on this disc than one might expect from a Hagfish offshoot, music that the words "Texas rawk" sum up perfectly. SS

(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

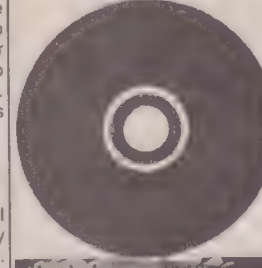
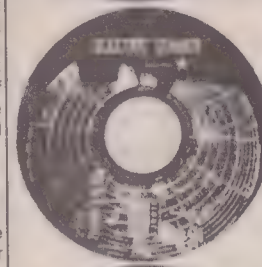
ELECTRIC SUMMER- "Love Me Destroyer" CD

Electric Summer's second full length release is packed full of high thrill energy and incomprehensible lyrics. Pop open the CD insert and quickly learn the poetic lyrics about "peach snow," and "somebody wants to stir my mind," then practice the accent for the show. The words are great and deep, and the music is just as off the wall as an Electric Summer live show. Going from pissed-off antics to rockabilly rifts, and spanning other genres. Almost poppy, but then it cuts you with a raw sharp edge in a good masochistic way that you'll always come back for more. Highlights include "Blue Blanket," "Cold Fever," and "Sha la la..." It's great to see a local band put out a superb cd like this, with pictures shot from our own Club156... now go see them live while you still can. MB

(Soda Jerk, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306)

ENSIGN- "Cast the First Stone" CD

High energy, fast paced old school hardcore with a modern twist. The vocals have a similar tone to Snapcase. More melody than most



modern old school hardcore bands, and they stay away from the old school trademark of the backup vocals repeating the lines just sung (standing strong - Standing Strong!! -you get the idea). So, overall the album has some originality and receives a two thumbs up on the old school scale. Even if you're not into old school you may want to give this album a shot anyway because it may surprise you. DH

(Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave., F-736 Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

FAIRLANES- "Bite Your Tongue" CD

'Bite Your Tongue' is just what you would expect from THE FAIRLANES. Their second CD on Suburban Home contains six new songs and two covers with the same catchy pop-punk style that made me love their debut. With this newest platter they explore the art of song-writing even further and shine even on the Madonna and White Lion covers that one cannot overlook. If you are into pop-punk and have never heard the Fairlanes, it's time to jump in feet first. Enjoy. AW

(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

FANG/ OPPRESSED LOGIC 7"

Two very classic bands that I am almost afraid to say anything about for fear of taking them down off of the very high pedestal that they have been placed by the 'Punk Rock Kids' over the years. This is a great combination and each band delivers a hard-hitting contribution to back up the absolutely amazing, full color, breath-taking art on the cover. No complaints from me, if you're a collector and into either of these bands, you already have this. SS

(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

FIFTEEN- "Lucky" CD

This is a scary prospect for me because this is one of my very favorite bands, and I don't know how to do it justice in a review. The CD is incredible - the first song is the hit, but they are all so good. It is a benefit for the Redwood Summer Justice Project, an environmental cause, very typical of this band. I don't usually care for music that is so intertwined with political messages, but for Fifteen with such an amazing, unique sound, I had to make an exception. The music is raw but melodic, with a driving bass beat and poppy but jagged punk backing up the powerful lyrics. Do yourself a favor and pick up this CD because, believe me, it will enlighten you. You will learn about issues that are relevant to your world and the life you lead. Whether you agree with everything they say doesn't matter. What counts is that Fifteen addresses controversial topics in a passionate way. The music makes you feel, and the lyrics make you think. HEP

(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

THE FORGOTTEN- "Veni Vidi Vici" CD

Oh wow! This is the best CD I have reviewed thus far - that makes it about the best of ten. It is very Rancid-esque, with a twinge of Dropkick Murphys and maybe even the Clash, the best of the best. It is fast and poppy and so catchy that I felt like I had heard it before even though I hadn't. My only complaint is that it seems short at 30 minutes, which isn't even that short, but when you are really enjoying a CD and it abruptly ends seemingly just after you started it... Needless to say, it is more than a little disappointing. Even so, it totally rules. HEP

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE FREEZE- "One False Move" CD

I was first introduced to the Freeze in the ninth grade. A junior high friend, who of course had an older brother, made me a Freeze tape in exchange for my Gorilla Biscuits tape (punk rock). It's great to see that these East Coast masters of mayhem are still at it, cranking out simple punk rock that just sounds so good. The Freeze of course pack in their obligatory metal phrases and solos and no one can ever ignore the 80's metal vocals of Cliff Hanger. This CD also comes with a great package, the cover and CD art being done by Edward Gorey and the limited edition LP's were even signed by the famous artist who I always knew as the art behind the "Mystery" PBS show intro. SS

(Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

F.Y.P.- "Incomplete Crap" CD

Yeah I guess when you put 43 songs on one album, even FYP can come up with seven that are over two minutes, because the other 36 are all (well) under the two minute mark, a good comment on today's society's attention span. Yep, this is music for the MTV generation. With lyrics like, 'I don't want to read Shakespeare' and other rebellious ditties. Five Year Plan really cracks me up. Their great spirit, hilarious presence and way of being able to turn absolutely everything into a joke is a proven way to get me to laugh. Almost half of the 43 songs here are real shit, but hell, that still leaves 22 good ones, of fast paced, crunchy speed punk that goes dat dat dat with snare and bass drum from start to finish. Is the Angry Samoans LP peeking out of the back cover it just a coincidence? SS

(Recess, PO Box 112 Torrance, CA 90505)

GAMEFACE - "Every Last Time" CD

This CD has a little more relaxing sound to it than some of Gameface's other releases. Not to say that it doesn't rock. This is the band's debut full length on their new label, Revelation. The CD definitely sounds like it belongs in the revelation collection. It can truly be described as a cross between emo and pop punk. It kind of has that Texas is the Reason, Samiam sound to it. The songs vary from slow to intense, so if you like your songs short, fast, and all sounding the same than this one probably isn't for you. It's pretty solid. NB

(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

GODS HATE KANSAS- "Mischief is its own Reward" CD

Hard hitting and jolting. Of all the CD that I found in the PO Box this issue, I hid this from Stefan for the longest period of time. Then I begged to review it so I could keep it longer. By far my favorite of this bunch. Fast punchy and deep dark lyrics. These people play double timed drum beats, and quick moving bass lines. The guitars have a dark and club feeling sound. Energy-galore. Highlights: "Power Tool of the Patriarchy," "You're the man," "Everybody wants to be a cop" and the whole rest of the fucking album. Included is a little D.I.Y. publication of 10 pages (half sized) 'zine that covers their lyrics and gives insight into the band. A really nice touch to an album that stands by itself. Dedication is both read and heard. MB

(Bad Monkey, 473 North St., Oakland, CA 94609)

the GONADS- "Oil Nutter" 7"

Ten minutes after the grooves of this vinyl platter have run by, I'm still left screaming "Oil!" - "Nutter!" back and forth. There's something about the way the Gonads do it that makes me not want to forget that line anytime soon. Aggressive as shit punk with raging guitars and explosive raspy vocals. Chanted and sung, it's easy to follow along and reminds me of pleasure through pain freaks who cut off the circulation on their balls for hours at a time. Hell that would sure as hell make me want to shout Gonads style! An energetic and fast-paced ep for the oi kids and the punk kids too! SS

(PCR, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

GOOD RIDDANCE- "Operation Phoenix" CD

I love this band- I think they are literally awesome. They never cease to impress me with how fucking great they are! This album continues in the same fashion with 12 new songs and a great Black Flag cover! I don't think this is their best release, "For God and Country" remains unrivaled, but that's just my opinion. I'm always curious to hear this band's new material because every album has a different feel and style. While the previous release was a bit more melodic, this one is more straight-forward, a lot more in the vein of "For God and Country" than previous titles. Plus it's got this really fucked up picture on the back cover that messes with me. Great record, great band. EM

(Fat, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119)

GROUND ZERO- "Seldom Does Hope Exhaust Despair" CD

This is hardcore- straight up- brutality. They remind me a lot of a hybrid between GRIMLOCK and HATEBREED with fast parts that break down into totally tough slow parts. It's definitely cool, I would go see them in an instant. My complaint is that they do sound so much like GRIMLOCK and HATEBREED, but, hey I like both those bands and I like this band so I'm not going to complain too much. Overall, this is a good, energetic and balls-out hardcore band, check them out and see what you think. EM

(East Coast Empire, PO Box 7295, Prospect, CT 06712)

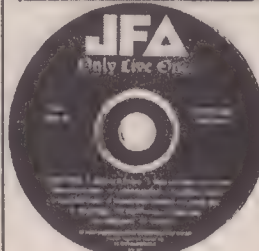
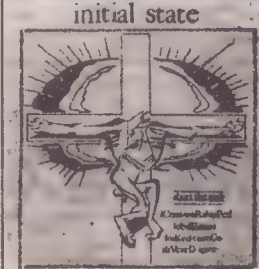
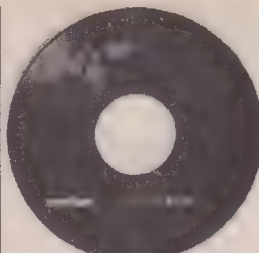
H2O- "Faster Than The World" CD

So here is the new H2O album. I took a break after their excellent first release and then avoided the first Epitaph album after being told that it was watered down as shit (funny since the title was Thicker Than Water). 18 songs on here that continue in the H2O line. Toby's vocals mixed right up in the front as he serves the roel of narrator more than punk rock singer. Meanwhile the band plays tight and fast hardcore punk, offering background chants to aid Toby when necessary. This album is not as intense and hard as the debut but still makes in a nice punch as it appears that H2O venture almost closer to the older East Coast hardcore punk ala Dag Nasty than the new school that some metal kids would have liked them to. SS

(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90026)

HAGFISH- "Caught Live" CD

What a great idea! Hagfish are a great band live. It's the rock and roll madness turned up a couple of notches. The only comparable rock n roll analogy that I could come up with would be turning the Spinal Tap amplifiers past 10 and up to 11. Sure the cockiness of guitarist Zach and singer George often clash on stage to the point where you wonder how in the hell their battle of wits survives the van ride from show to show. But their true rock n roll essence is captured live here, they didn't throw out the parts where George forgets the words or where he exposes one of his exes most embarrassing secrets. No, this is the pure cockiness of George and



Zach, the laid back humor of Doni and the stick twirling madness of Tony that makes up Hagfish, all caught on one disc. SS

(Cold Front, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

HERETICAL RESPONSE- "Envision" 7"

Good, shouty hardcore that likes to place heavy down beats at the top of each measure. The kind of band that closes their eyes and just happens to land their hits right down on the same beat. The music is loud and driving and the vocals strains to be heard over his band but pulls it off quiet well and it definitely helps him get right up in your face. SS

(Goat Lord, PO Box 14230, Atlanta, GA 30324)

HOT WATER MUSIC- "Live at the Hardback" CD

For me this was a great introduction to what I can expect this summer while trailing the HWM/ LF tour. This is the simplest of recordings, done at a small venue in Florida (the Hardback duh) by duct taping microphones to the floor and ceiling and whatnot. Maybe that's way they kept in the half a minute chunks of silence that lie after each and every song. But I hate those silences, give me my rock and give it to me know, I don't want to sit on my ass for a minute before the next song finally kicks in. The music is absolutely fantastic with some dual vocals and guitars flying all over the place, playing melodic and driving non-straightforward punk. The beats are laid down by an excellent bass player and drummer and every once in a while the crowd jumps in and fills in the chorus on vocals, god I love that. Include cover of Leatherface's "Springtime." SS

(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE IMPORTS- s/t CD

This would be the second time that I have heard and seen this Imports CD. The first time was when they printed up a couple dozen and sent them to record labels in hopes that someone would put it out. Looks like Bad Stain jumped on it first and wa-la this four piece from New York has their first full length out. Thank god I didn't promise myself that I wouldn't make Blink comparisons any more because this is Blink in high school. Of course, that's certainly not an insult because I'm sure the Imports and Bad Stain would not mind if their next couple albums sold a few 100,000 copies. SS

(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

INTEGRITY 2000- "

Oh yeah, haven't heard from these guys in a little while, but oh my god, they're coming back with a vengeance. It's Good old Integrity: totally pissed hardcore with double-time scream fests, which then break down into really slow chug-a-chuga parts that you can fuck shit up to. This is classic Integrity, and it fucking rules! Except at the end there is this long experimental, electronic sounding noise fest that drags on forever. I'm sure I'm into that part, but it's kind of interesting every once in a while. No matter what I'm happy to see these guys putting more stuff out, because I think they are absolutely great. Check this album out. EM

(Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

INITIAL STATE- "Abort the Soul" CD

Of the five bands I reviewed, I probably liked Initial State the best. Like Word Salad they combined a little bit of New Day Rising with a whole lot of chaos. Initial State had some good changes with a few rhythmic oddities to throw the listener off, and the vocals were very non-human sounding, which is my personal criteria for good hardcore vocals. The one aspect of this CD that would keep me from really getting into it was the lack of creativity in many parts. They would open with a cool melodic intro and then bust in with the "three chords-and-a-cloud-of-dust" style that just doesn't do it for me musically. Still, it had its moments. I'd say if you like chaotic hardcore that's music is a step down from a band like Acme, but has the same type of chaotic energy, you should definitely give Initial State a chance. Cool layout! JS

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

JFA- "Only Live Once" CD

15 songs from punk rocks biggest skateboard band of all time. I remember buying my first JFA 12" used at the record store and chuckling to myself at their clique 80's skateboarder haircuts and Hawaiian t-shirts, but it sure didn't keep me from going back to that same record store two weeks later for the live 12". The title of this newest album should have been- "Only Live Once- But You Can Skate Forever." The boys continue to pound their solid and driving skate punk into the hearts and skinned knees of kids across the US. The surf influences are less in this album than others but they quickly come back to live with the introduction a great sounding organ towards the end. The best songs being the 10th and 12th tracks which rock so hard that it looks like JFA may have converted me again. SS

(Hurricane, 1573 N. Milwaukee, Box 422, Chicago, IL 60622)

JONES CRUSHER- "From Beneath the Streets..." CD
10 tracks from this New York trio. The only problem was that I didn't like it. At times it hit me as garagey punk, but the kind that moves me about as much as a soap opera does. Then at times they turn into some punk rock band with "Hey's" being chanted in the background and this rubs me the wrong way even more. No Jones Crusher for me thank you. Not even the "Mexican Radio" cover at the end of the disc can change my mind. SS
(Cold Front, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

THE JUDAS FACTOR- "Ballads in Blue China" CD
Before sitting down and writing this, I actually took the time to look at the enhanced part of this CD and am glad I did. I definitely saw a side of the band in their live videos that I couldn't see by listening to just the music. Live, The Judas Factor, is an emotional powder keg waiting to explode. Their guitarist whips himself up into a frenzy and before you know it the entire band joins his lead as they burst into song after song of their emotional and noisy hardcore. This is not for the meek at heart and the lyrics reflect this, with the majority of songs appearing to be about dealing with anger in some form or another. A good CD that will be made great if you own a nice computer and can check out the enhancements. BL
(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

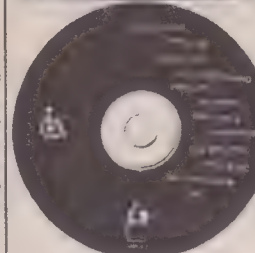
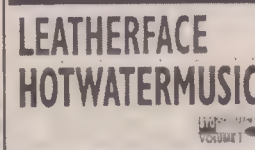
THE KASSOS- "It Would Be My Pleasure to Fuck You Up" 7"
Damn, doing my homework on this band involved reading the latest issue of Genetic Disorder from cover to cover. This is Larry from GD's band and comes complete with a drawing of a devil girl and a picture of a pipe bomb. Another thing that rubs me the right way about this release is that Larry has seen enough 7"s come through GD headquarters that he has the brains to fill this one up, and fill it up the Kassos do! 7 songs of somewhat shitty punk rock (in recording or production or songwriting or style-whatever) that is hard hitting enough to really pound its spirit in you. The kind of music that would motivate three guys to run across the country, playing their friends' basements and shitty Texas bars along the way. Wrecking the van. Getting arrested. Breaking an amp. And still leave them coming back to the old practice space and recording another 7" in the name of punk rock. Yes! SS
(Vendor, PO Box 15134, San Diego, CA 92175)

KID DYNAMITE- s/t CD
What can I say, I love this band. It has everything- fast, double-time verses, mixed in with a little single time rock n' roll, it's oh so great. And their singer is fucking awesome, he can both sing and scream well, and he alternates between the two effectively! There are some ex-Lifetime members involved and it shows. If you like Lifetime, you will love this band, it just that great. This is hardcore punk and emo-rock up the ass and it makes my butt cheeks clench to hear it, so go out and get it. An essential in anyone's collection. EM
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810)

THE KLOPECS- s/t 7"
Mass Giorgani recorded this EP at his Sonic Iguana studio and you can tell. The Klopecs play pop punk with wo-oh-oh's (even if they truly didn't come out in force until the last song) and mid tempo melodies. And this great recording helps push them over the hump of average pop punk bands. Even though, they're a three-piece they still manage to emote enough songs about girls ("She's a total moron and a total slut/ I really hate to see her, hate to see her strut.") and about how "life's not so friendly." The only thing that I don't understand is why they felt so compelled to each write their own thank you list. That aside, this is a great pop punk ep. SS
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

KOREA GIRL- s/t CD
Okay, now I can see why Mike was a little bit scared of this at first. This is indie rock that would be on college radio late at night, in the middle of a twelve minute set of music which gives the DJ a chance to run to bathroom and grab a cigarette. The music is more experimental with a steady guitar line holding things together and then the rest of the instruments just kind of go off and do their own thing. The pair of great vocalists singing on this almost make it bridge the gap to hook me. SS
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

LANDO'S 45- s/t 7"
Chicago's Harmless Records (who brought us the Wayouts full length and will thus eternally be in good standing) brings us Lando's 45, complete with a sticker that reads, "featuring x-members of Thirty Seconds Deep and the Bollweevils." This sounds like the Bollweevils rocking out but with more bridges and breaks where they suddenly burst into non-straightforward loops that would surely mess up a standard walk around the circumference of the pit. What we are left with instead is a fuller sound that would produce passionate and erratic dancing that might make your girl/boy-friend embarrassed to be seen with you as you flail your arms out singing



along with every word (because the singing is damn good on this EP). How exciting! SS
(Harmless, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660)

LARRY AND THE GONOWHERES- s/t LP
Oh wow, Larry, Puke Records' chief and front man of this here band looks so much like Jim Carey that I think I'm gonna crap my pants. This self titled debut LP comes with great packaging and plenty of pictures involving Motorhead, Black Flag and the Barfeeders, funny, hey, that's what this sounds like! 21 songs on a 45 rpm LP of fast paced, hardcore punk with words you can understand and hard hits left and right. SS
(Puke, PO Box 1835, Seattle, WA 98111)

LEATHERFACE/ HOT WATER MUSIC CD
So this is the first in a series of split full lengths that BYO is putting out and I couldn't think of a better combination of bands to kick things off! The Leatherface side (with liner notes from Jack Rabad of the Big Takeover) continues to rock my house down. The six songs they present are extremely enlightening when considering what the future of LEATHERFACE will hold. With the classic guitar lines, melodies and harmonies spouting up left and right, like a garden in the fertile south coming to life in the springtime. The sixth and final Leatherface song is the winner of them all and Frankie Stubbs' eternally hoarse voice calls out to listener and clenches at one's heart. Hot Water Music keep the energy alive with five more new songs and liner notes from Fucktooth's Jen Angel. With their punk-emo crossover and up front vocals, they seal the sale and assure the repeat customer. SS
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

LEFT FOR DEAD- "Splitting Heads" CD
Super fast, very thrashy, a lot like some of the old New York Hardcore bands when they play fast, so you probably get the picture that there's not much melody involved. Many of the songs sound the same; the structure is always super fast, followed by a breakdown. The breakdowns are quite good sometimes and are what makes the album bearable. This is not necessarily a bad album and if you like this kind of hardcore I'm sure it would be a good choice. DH
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

LEFT OUT- "25 Cent Serenade" CD
Before I listened to this CD I took a look at the lyrics. Not too impressive. They sing about how they hate Thanksgiving, for fuck sakes, what's wrong with Thanksgiving? Once this CD made it to my stereo it didn't take me long to bore of it. It's fast and punky, but I could find a shit load of bands that sound exactly like this. They try to change it up at the end with an acoustic song and a cover of a Police song, but it was not enough to win my heart. NB

LIMP- "Guitarded" CD
Wow, good pop punk that exceeded my expectations of cheesy, washed out crap. Harmonies abound and a great singer who used to be in SCREW 32. Every so often they throw in some up beat parts for some variety, but the entire disc holds my interest, with slow love ballads, faster anthems and all in all a good rock n roll time that could get many a kid ready for a Saturday night date. BL
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119)

LOWER EAST COAST STITCHES- Staja 98 L.E.S." CD
More punk rock n roll from New York City. This CD is a lot better than the other L.E.S. Stitches album I remember hearing. They still find a way to pump some energy and enthusiasm into what they're doing and for the most part, the handful of great songs makes up for the other dismal few. My favorite being the slower "Rustic City" where they turn every thing down a notch but still probably rock it out live. But like said, the following song, "Jungle Man" sucks ass and makes me want to forget I ever liked the previous song. A great CD for those of you with programmable players. SS
(NG, 61 Van Dam St., 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10013)

MANDINGO/ OBLIVION CD
This is a well-put-together product. Mandoingo provides the matches and Oblivion brings the firecrackers in these thirteen fast-paced rock and roll anthems. Not your standard pop punk at all as both bands are much more driving and sock it to you. Bands that would play on a basement floor and knock audience members' teeth out as they furiously shake their guitars to the heavy beats. And then to show you that there's no hard feelings they'll give you the mic on the next tune and let you make your drunken and bloodied self make even a bigger fool of yourself as you forget lyrics that even your mom could sing along with on this record. SS
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

MCRACKINS!! - "Comicbooks and Bubble Gum" CD
This is kind of slow and each song sounds the same. The lyrics aren't impressive, and the music doesn't stand out. The lead singer

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LAGWAGON STRUNG OUT
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has a toned-down Screeching Weasel like sound, but don't buy the album for that reason. Bike Mechanic Toby says it would be an appropriate choice for the backdrop of an MTV movie. I searched and searched for a single song that I liked better than all the rest but they were all the same. I hear they put on cool costumes and do a great live show though. MB
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES- "are a drag" CD
I love this CD. People say the first Gimme Gimme CD was really a drag, but I couldn't tell you. This one hooked me from the get-go, "Over the Rainbow" with the vocals yelling "Some-where", filling my ears with jazzed up melodies of this classic song. The disc continues by covering 11 other classic Broadway hits, my favorites being Evita, My Favorite Things and Tomorrow. You've heard all of these originals before, maybe you just didn't know that they were great masterpieces- until now, when Me First puts them into a punk format you all can comprehend! SS
(Fat, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119)

MOLOTOV COCKTAIL- "United Colors of Poverty and Shame" CD
The politics with this three-piece from New York City are definitely solid and strong. From the great cover to the sound clip that leads into the opening track right down to the well-thought lyrics in songs like "Going to China." Behind their tales of oppression and political commentaries one finds a simple and raw punk rock that goes from driving and energy-fueled verses to psycho break downs with the band flying all over the place. A solid release from a band I'd never heard of. SS
(CBGB, 315 Bowery, New York, NY 10003)

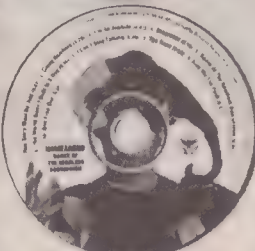
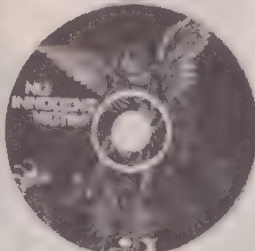
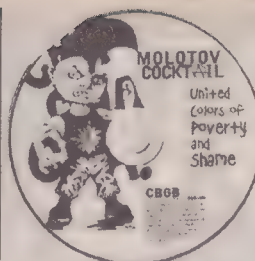
MU330- s/t CD
MU330 is back with a much-awaited fourth album and let me tell you, these St. Louis guy's can put on a show. With their intense punk and ska driven by two larger than life trombone players and a rhythm section that can outbeat most up and down the Mississippi. But the selling factor of MU330 are the vocals. This guy Dan can really sing. In punk rock we tend to settle on the idea of a vocalist singing for a band just because they can't play an instrument, and so when a great vocalist like this guy or the Alkaline Trio guy's come along then it definitely doesn't go without notice. On top of it all, through the hardcore, lightning speed songs and the cozy but raw ballads, MU330 keeps a fun image that even your grumpy in laws could get along with. SS
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

MUSTARD PLUG- "Pray For Mojo" CD
Your typical new ska-punk, with lots of upbeats and a strong horn section with alternating slow sections breaking into the fast-paced punk beats. Fairly similar to other ska bands on the market such as Less than Jake and Buck-O-Nine. If you like these bands you will probably like this release, as they rely on the same foundation for their music, and build upon it from there. This CD also came with a pair of nice mustard orange ear PLUGS, awesome. JF
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

NOBODYS- "Generation XXX" CD
This is the latest release from everyone's favorite local Porn-Punk Band, and I must say that it is definitely cool. It seems to me like every song on this album is about girls with big tits, girls they want to have sex with, girls that rejected them, girls that have nice tits, girls that are pretty, girls that broke their hearts, girls that have perky tits, girls that are lesbians, oh yeah, and there's one song about rock-n-roll, and one about the kids. So this album is good classic Nobody's, they never let you down and I just love songs about girls. Sure to offend everyone and that's why it's fun. EM
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

NO INNOCENT VICTIM - "Flesh and Bloods" CD
These guys come at you full force with up-tempo heaviness and brutal vocals. Their overall style is reminiscent of past Victory giants The Path of Resistance, and, to a lesser degree, Strife. Lots of sing-alongs and dance parts for those who like to partake...The vocals sound like a toughened-up version of the more recent Earth Crisis recordings, while the lyrics focus on common hardcore themes like staying true to one's convictions and sticking by your pals. Fans of the previously mentioned bands or anyone who likes to dance and finger-point should check this out. JS
(Victory PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

NO MEANS NO- "Dance of the Headless Bourgeoisie" CD
I am really having a tough time coming up with what to say about these guys. I don't even know what music type to put them in. It's definitely rock, slightly punk but it doesn't feel punk. It actually makes my stomach feel uneasy. It doesn't follow normal paths of music. It sounds different from normal music, but I don't know why. I think they must be visitors from another world or from the future or something. They are very skilled musicians, and who knows, you



may be on the same wavelength as them because they definitely rock in their own way. MM
(Alternative Tentacles, PO 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

NO ONE'S VICTIM - "...On a Thin Line" CD
First time I heard it I liked it, second time it wasn't so hot, and now this time I'm into it again. 11 songs that seem to be fairly standard Oi music. Sometimes the songs hit the choruses 3 times . . . or even a forth time and it gets a little bit long, but hey the lead guitarist can really do a nice solo between the verses. The drummer has some cool cymbals that you don't typically hear on this type of music. Highlight: "Reggae Clash." I think that this would be one of the CD's that I'd pull out and listen to for a day every month, but be into it for that day or two. Hard rocking street oi while it lasts. MB
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run Merrimack, NH 03054)

OXYMORON - "The Pack is Back" CD
The pack is back! This German four-piece (3/4 close-shaven, 1/4 mohawked) is back with their easy to listen to delicate Oi style. This particular album reads like a story, depicting from start to finish a sometimes dismal, sometimes joyful and chaotic life in der stadt von Berlin. The melodies are easy to follow along as the guitar and the bass usually land on the same beat with the drums laying done a solid rhythm that is sure to drive you around the pit. Ozymoron is possibly Europe's greatest oi band today. SS
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

OXYMORON - "Westworld" CD
This is a good ep of a European street punk/oi feel. Some of the songs are very catchy with mantric choruses waiting to be sung along with. The singer's accent sounds more English than German, giving it a real old school flavor reminiscent of earlier bands from the UK. With only six songs the release is a bit of a lightweight, but the quality of the songs more than makes up for the lack of quantity. JF
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

THE PAWNS- "You Talk of Sacrifice..." CD
Punk Rock! Full of all the energy that punk should have. Aggressive male and female vocals with fast guitars. I was disappointed in how short it was, but that's because I was enjoying it. And hey, who wants to mosh for more than fifteen minutes without a break anyways. MM
(Bad Monkey, 473 North St., Oakland, CA 94609)

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES- "Alien Production" CD
Straight-up driving 3 chord punk sung with a real English accent and the occasional metal solo flung on top. Semi-political about the issues across the seas, but generally about drinking, girls, jail, corporate folks, being on the road, and well ummm alien abductions. Reminds me a little bit of NoFX (it does). Highlights: "I'm getting pissed for Christmas" (featuring G.B.H.) and "Twenty Years." Everyone with a fetish for foreign accents should get this. MB
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER- "Shoot the Moon" CD
Taking seven songs that take up less than twelve minutes and turning it into a 12"/CD and charging full price does not make this album look very appealing. Pinhead Gunpowder continue to deliver solid and very driving pop punk that is more pop than punk this time around behind the vocals of Billy Joel and cohorts. A must for P.G. fans but not worth the buck for the rest of you. (Try 'Carry the Banner') BL
(Adeline, 5337 College Ave #318, Oakland, CA 94618)

POTENTIAL GETAWAY DRIVER- "s/t CD
This is the Scott Fairlane Project and a definite must-have for any fan or follower of the Fairlanes. When someone sits behind the drums for a band for years and then feels the need to branch out and explore their interest in other instruments I can easily understand the need to do this CD. This is 10 songs of straight up Screeching Weasel pop punk with easy guitar leads and poppy backbeats. Pop that will get you singing along subconsciously. Music to feel sorry for yourself to after a breakup, yeah, I like it. SS
(To The Left, 1085 14th St. #1080, Boulder, CO 80302)

PROPAGANDHI- "Where Quality is Job #1" CD
This is 30 tracks of Propagandhi at it's best. There are no new songs on this album, but there are a lot of old singles, stuff from compilations that are hard to find, and a bunch of live tracks. There are also a couple of recordings of different versions of songs you have probably already heard, but I bet you haven't heard these versions. Overall, I really like this album, it's definitely worth checking it out. My favorite song on here is the different version of "Refusing to be a Man". If you are any kind of a Propagandhi fan, you should go get this album, it is definitely worth having. If you have never heard Propagandhi before, this is a perfectly good album to start your collection, regardless of the band passing it off as shit. EM
(G-7, Box 3-905 Corydon, Winnipeg MB, R3M 3S3, Canada)

DIESEL BOY



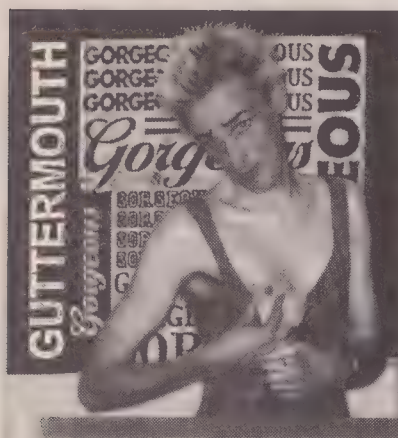
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PULLEY- "Q@#!" CD

Oh my, who would have thought that Stefan would give me such a fantastic CD to review! And this one is amazing. Every song is perfect. The singer, formerly of Ten Foot Pole, sounds so into what he is singing about, and that really affects me. It is slightly slower than Ten Foot Pole, and the vocals are a lot better sounding- more matured. My only teeny tiny complaint is that a minority of the lyrics are not very creative at all. But that is a small price to pay for such incredible melody and musicianship. Fans of Ten Foot Pole take note. HEP

(Epitaph. 2798 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90026)

QUADILIACHA- "Es Muerto" CD

I am fully aware that this is not a brand new CD, but it was sent my way and I am forever grateful. Raw and hoarse screamy vocals that hook me from the second song dominate this CD. I kept on listening to the 2nd track, "Ben Burton Park" and almost found it difficult to dive into the rest of the CD. Quadilacha play intense driving hardcore with lots of sixteenth note driving bass and drums and roaring guitars that scream all over the place trying to keep up with the high octane fueled backbone of the rhythm section and keeping the vocals running. I can picture five naked guys running away from a determined pitbull (maybe that's why the lyrics on "Empty Tankard" are stupid tough). Great SS

(Goat Lord, PO Box 14230, Atlanta, GA 30324)

QUALM- "Put ur There" CD

When the name QUALM comes to mind, the line "Sesame Oi Oil" comes to mind faster than the speed of light. But this is a different band. With a much more polished sound and as tight as a never incarcerated suburban white boy's asshole, Qualm delivers hard and fast in this 14 song wonder. This is a band that I truly see going somewhere in the new millenium. When punk broke in 1995 it seemed like EVERY band was going somewhere, these days when only the best music has a chance to survive, you're either going somewhere or you're not. And what makes my nipples the hardest is when they launch into a popping bridge complete with bass fills and melodic shout-out choruses backed by layered guitars. A winner, I shit you not. SS

(Not Bad, PO Box 7455, Boulder, CO 80302)

THE QUEERS- "Later Days and Better Lays" CD

If you haven't heard the Queens yet, I recommend that you go out and do what it takes to hear them, because you will like them or you won't. Once you have heard them, you will probably not be too shocked by this album. As usual, they still don't take life too seriously, with their lyrics mocking almost everything. There are the obligatory few songs about girls and how they have ruined the bands life in the most perfect way. (even with female backup vocals on one song) If you have liked previous releases, you will probably like this one. JF

(Lookout, PO Box 11347 Berkeley, CA 94712)

77- "Revolution Rock" CD

77 is a punk band from Portugal fronted by Paulo Eno who is one of Portugal's most outspoken artists and it appears to me that the band is almost formed around his poetic wizardry and talent at being a showman. "Revolution Rock" contains 20 songs from this man and his band's heart. Meant to seriously serve the purpose of the CD's title, the songs are short and not as wordy as one might expect given the band's background. Good punk rock n roll similar to older Agent orange and other So. Cal crossover surf punk bands. SS

(Elevator, PO Box 1502, New haven, CT 06510)

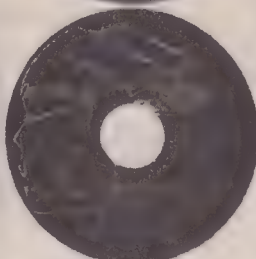
THE SHRUBBERS/ THE SCREWBALLS 7"

The Screwballs bring on their side with load clicks from a shitty pressing or mastering job, followed by the typical punk rock hey hey hey basement recording. They play poppy, mid tempo, but sometimes fast punk with a lead guitar that plays a pretty good line, especially on the Replacements cover. The Shrubbers one up the Screwballs in the crappy recording, but nonetheless, use the poor quality to their advantage as it makes their political, four chord punk sound appear raw and pure. Nothing exotic is offered, just a simple reminder that punk rock still lives and will always live in the shitty dirtbag cafes and in the dank, moist basements of teenagers everywhere. SS

(900 S. Silvebrook Dr, West Bend, WI 53095)

SICK OF IT ALL - "Call To Arms" CD

What can I say, this album is classic SOIA. They found a sound that they like and their sticking with it and it absolutely rules! Once again, SOIA delivers 15 hard-core anthems that you can totally get into and rock out in your room to. Alternating between blistering straight-forward double-time hard-core to mid tempo sing-a-longs, every song on here is good. This CD is worth buying just for the songs "Potential For A Fall", and "Sanctuary", they give me tingles down my spine every time I hear them! All of you SOIA fans out there will be pleased with this release, it is just too cool. And those of you who



have never heard or really been into SOIA, give this one a chance and see if it doesn't make you totally love them. EM
(Fat, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119)

SPEAK 714- "The Scum also Rises" CD

It's difficult to criticize a band the preaches positivity and openmindedness, but since their on Rev...This stuff is pretty standard as far as the post-old school genre goes, however they don't seem to deliver it with as much gusto. I would compare the vocals to Sick of it All, although he doesn't come across with as much fire. It's that shouty-off key singy thing that is tough to pull off because it's not quite melodic, but it's not all-out. The music is alright, with fast driving chord progressions, but it just isn't strong enough to carry the sub-par vocals. If you're into this type of sound, then you might give these guys a shot, but beware, the CD is just over 8 minutes in all. JS

(Rev, PO Box 5232 Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

SQUATWEILER - "Horsepower" CD

Hmm, what can you say about Squatweiler? With such a silly name, you might expect that they would suck. But I was pleasantly surprised when I popped their midnight blue CD into my stereo. The main vocalist is female which unnecessarily will turn a lot of people off. She isn't at all annoying or overwhelming in the least though. There is also a male singer on a couple of songs, but he sort of screws the feel of things up with a totally different style. (Still, a little mixture is fine.) The music is kind of punky, kind of poppy, and very layered. The vocals can be both harsh and grinding and soft and sweet. I can't even think of anything to compare it too, other than maybe the Muffs music style with more Luscious Jackson-type vocals. But it is a hell of a lot better than Luscious Jackson. HEP

(SpinART, PO Box 1798 NY, NY 10156-1798)

STINKAHOLIC- "Stinkies Pals" CD

Call me a perfectionist, but I think this Stinkaholic does not live up to their debut 206 release. Sure this one comes with another great cover (this time Steve Miller's "Joker") but for the most part the band appears to make no attempt at exceeding their first album. Stinkaholic have been compared to Operation Ivy and I can make that connection with rough ska punk that is non-straightforward and filled with tight and technical fills that make the kids that hang outside of musical instrument stores across America faint with envy. Well, I take that back, I just read that this is the REPRESS of Stinkaholic" very first album, now everything makes a lot more sense. SS

(206, 8314 Greenwood Ave N, Suite 102, Seattle, WA 98103)

THE STRIKE- "Shots heard 'round the world" CD

The Strike play mid tempo punk rock with pop medleys and a working class feel. The booklet looks sharp with blue collar drawings surrounding well-thought lyrics. The vocals are raspy and closely resemble those of THE LURKERS, a fabulous UK band of old, and are mixed with good backing harmonies that are both male and female produced. The rock, is straightforward classic punk and oi lines with enough pop mixed in to add a new twist and some subtle horn lines. I wasn't in the least surprised to see their email address was vespass180@aol.com because this is music to ride your scooters to on a warm summer night with the local gang and I'm sure THE STRIKE would feel much better if they were associated with the mod crowd instead of the punks. Still an excellent punk rock platter. SS

(Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

SWELL MAPS- "International Rescue" CD

The story goes that the Swell Maps were an influential band in the UK scene in the late 70's. This is the comprehensive collection of 19 tracks recorded from 77-79 with recording quality varying from decent to fair. Half of the songs are energetic and kicking and make me think of the Damned in a good way. The other half are much gentler in an almost Beatles style, with the chorus vocals creeping towards those of backing vocals of the Doors. This is a good collection of what was going on at the time and will present something unique that you've perhaps not encountered before. SS

(Alive, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

TALES FROM THE BIRDBATH- "Baron Von Birdbath" CD

Oh god, this is soooo good that it hurts. From the first track, "Olympia," this has Washington state written all over it. Fell good pop for times when it rains ten days straight as you stare out into the dismal Pacific. Here are twelve great songs from the guy in Sicko who now seems to be going acoustic which obviously is the right direction for him. This sounds like The Samples times ten, with pop hooks, amusing lyrics and acoustic accents that make you cringe as the notes hit your ear and go travel down your spinal cord in an orgasm equivalent frenzy- I'm still recovering. BL

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

TAROT BOLERO - "Vauderville Rising" CD

This music is full of angst, and restrained energy. Old fashioned instruments. Heavy on the pipe organ, along with piano and harpsichord. Mostly love songs. Every song on this album reminds me of that one Doors song, *The Alabama Song*. Keep in mind, I'm not comparing skill here. Very few bands top the Doors. I like the cover art and inside photo. It is fun catchy music. I didn't realize how much I liked it until I noticed I was singing the songs in my head. I really like their music, and their unique creative style. MM (Ace Fu, PO Box 42181 Portland, OR 97242)

TEEN IDOLS - "Pucker Up" CD

The Teen Idols have provided a path into the high school mindset. It's kind of funny that way, because when I was in high school, I never had that mindset, but now that I'm not it seems as if that was really the way that things were. Songs of toughness and wanting to be loved- the typical stuff. The music was very good with a driving rhythm and a catchy quality. The first song was a great way to start the album, I knew the words and wanted to sing along right away. JF (Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119)

THE TEMPLARS - "Omne Datum Optimum" CD

I was real excited to get this CD and hear the newest works from oi mainstays. This is fist pumping, rolling two-tone oi with plenty of gusto to go around. There are parts when the volume really drops down and brings to light some great past UK bands, a little bit of everything from the UK Subs to Stiff Little Fingers and sometimes even ringing of The Lurkers, minus vocals. Fans of the Dropkick Murphys or even the Swingin' Utters who want to dive deeper into street punk and oi music should definitely seek out great bands like the Templars. SS (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

THROWAWAY GENERATION - "Alive in the Streets of American Decay" CD

The coolest thing is that this band works so hard to get their name out in punk rock. In my opinion, it's really hard to go wrong when you've fought to get everything that you have, none of this success for free thing here. T.G. will be touring all of summer 99 and might have their next disc out on TKO Records, which is exactly how I'd describe their sound. Rolling punk rock in the mid-tempo range that has plenty of harmonies at times, and comes off as too clique at other times. The main force behind the band are pairs of eighth notes in the dat-dat dat-dat mode followed on top by defined lead guitar lines and shouted/sung vocals with average lyrics. Good music to see live but maybe only if you're friends are rocking out alongside you. Ex- model Citizen, too! SS (USR, 354 West 100 North, Logan, UT 84321)

THE TRUENTS - "Every Day of The Week" CD

This is an Oi! band if I ever heard one, and they are pretty good, although I'm sorry to say that they don't really move me. I like the music, I like the singer with his English accent and accompanying sneer, but there is something missing in the music that I just can't place. I say, go give it a listen at the used store, or convince a friend to buy and see what you think. Maybe you can find that missing link and produce their next album and sell millions! EM (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

TURMOIL - "The Process Of" CD

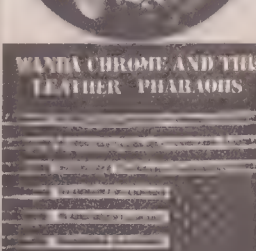
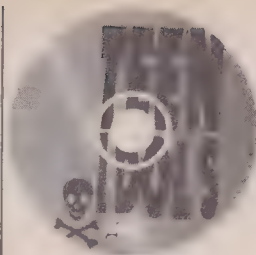
Tough... very tough. Much more trashy and aggressive than "From Bleeding Hands." Starts to drift to a more CAVE IN style, but just a bit, and perhaps it's too subtle to notice. The toughness of this is almost overflowing over the confinements of the CD and my player has even started to sweat. Even if you like the old, harder than life, Turmoil, this is sure to be good, if not better. DH (Century Media, 1453-A 14th Street #234, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

TURNED DOWN - s/t 7"

This was actually one of the bigger surprises in the lot. Andrew Klibne from STRIFE is in the band but I will go as far as to say that I love this band more than Strife. This fantastic Lifetime-style melodic-punk that hurts in all the right places. The Dag Nasty influences do shine through, but the overall style of the band resembles that of Lifetime much more than Dag Nasty, but not too much like Saves the Day. This is an excellent ep, with plenty of fast, rocking tunes and a slower ballad to mix it up. Turned Down is truly a band to keep your eyes open for in the upcoming millenium. SS (Sessions, 15 Janis Way, Scott's Valley, CA 95066)

UPHOLLOW - "Soundtrack to an Imaginary Life" CD

A while back, Denver's Uphollow set about writing a rock opera. On "Soundtrack," one singer takes the role of the character while the others takes the subconscious and they duel it over a few handfuls of classic indie rock that has now splurged into the emo vein. But at times, the complexities and layers at hand are presented are almost to complicated for conventional college radio. A couple of songs stick in my head and take over my own subconscious, while the rest seem



to get rediscovered with each listen. A great idea for a record for this type of a band. BL (Blue Moon Records, 2078 S University Blvd #264, Denver, CO 80210)

THE UPSETS - "Tommy Gun Heart" 7"

The Upsets suffer from having a terminal case of singer-who-cannot-for-the-life-of-him-make-different-songs-sound-different-itus. No matter what kind of wailing guitars go on in the background, this vocalist insists to sing every one of these three songs in the exact same manner as the previous one. This takes me absolutely nowhere, only leaving me upset. SS (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)

URBAN LEGENDS - s/t CD

Highly recommend the emo fans to try this one. The rhythm guitar on this CD is very catchy, and the singer has a unique voice that you won't hear on other records typical of this genre. The first time I heard the CD I could tell that it was pretty quality and the more I listened to it, the more I loved it. They kind of have a sound similar to THE PROMISE RING and the GET UP KIDS. NB (Audio Information Phenomena, 1625 Oakwood Drive, San Mateo, CA 94403)

US BOMBS - "Hoboken Dreams" 7"

Oh my! The US BOMBS rocking better than I ever remember them rocking before! Duane Peters bellows out classic punk lines in an energetic and melodic tone while the tight rhythm section drives the backbeat of the band. Meanwhile, the guitars are all over the place, taking advantage of both guitars at all times, with melodies, harmonies and leads galore. An excellent ep, Recommended for everyone! SS (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

WANDA CHROME AND THE LEATHER PHAROHS - "Dangerous Times" LP

On the front cover we view the upside-down American flag AKA "the punk rock flag of choice" complete with 'Flammable' written throughout. Then the gatefold LP pops open just like LP's are supposed to, revealing a panoramic stage shot that screams metal at me before I even take in the flying-V bass guitar or sharp-ass font selection. The music is rocking and drives across its energy that could have only come from recording it live at the Beer City Warehouse. To top everything off, we're given lyrics about the N.R.A. sung in a style that any punk could easily replicate in the shower. Me like red vinyl. SS (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

WORD SALAD - "Death Match 2000" CD

This is interesting and difficult to describe without being misleading. The majority of it is frenzied metalcore with pretty solid vocals. They throw in some off-beat stuff with some good guitar work and some good rhythm changes. The closest comparison I can make is that these guys sound a little like New Day Rising on ritalin. Fans who are into chaotic metal-driven hardcore may be into this. JS (Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

V/a - "The Allan McNaughton Project" 7"

Beer City started putting all of the bands that they receive demo tapes of onto long, 40 plus songed compilations called "Underground Invasion" (Vols. 1 and 2). This is a result of the first one: six bands off of that CD that a particular reviewer (Allan McNaughton) chose as his favorites of the first comp. The winners of the comp being the crazy offbeat punk of Mega Stink Man from Japan and the decent punk with street influences of Throwing Away Generation out of Utah. A full color cover, gold vinyl, hand-numbered limited to 500 release will definitely give these bands something to throw into their bios in the future. SS (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

V/a - "Back to Donut" CD

This compilation runs the gamut of materials that are associated with the "punk" scene. With music ranging from the Ska of Less than Jake, to the Hardcore of Coalesce, to Oi from Bonfi. Also has female fronted punk (Hankshaw), and dueling vocals emo core (Hot Water Music). Exposure to new bands is always a good thing, and this CD will do just that, that is its goal in life. (It is from a mailorder company after all, maybe you will buy something). JF (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

V/a - "Basic Training" LP

Oh wow. A search through the RITH-record-reviewing thesaurus yielded only 'GRUELING,' and grueling this is. Three bands- BOBBYKORK, PSEUDO HEROES and BUTTERCUP battle it out as they fight out their own basic training on this record, which lies between two brown paper bag type covers with an awesome print that catches my eye. The music gets more melodic as we go, but

the word grueling will never disappear from the description of this killer, hand numbered EP. SS
(Chumfire, PO Box 680, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

V/a- "Bite the Bullet" CD

Old School. That's what the bands on this compilation are. Every band on here delivers just good quality old school style punk rock. I like it, which is very good because usually I don't get moved by old school style punk rock, but I am definitely into this comp. Political songs and shouted lyrics with anthemic choruses = a very good collection of bands that you will be happy you checked out. EM
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

V/a- "Black Eyes and Broken Bottles" LP

"Lots of labels that claim to be punk aren't. As you know we are. Vinyl is the best." This is a portion of an actual email that the Beer City Boyz sent me and I fully agree. With clear vinyl and a full color cover and decent bands, this suffers only from the lack of a good insert. WRETCHED ONES, IDIOTS, 10-96, PINKERTON THUGS, THE BRISTLES, THE CRUSTIES, 30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO, THE DEACONS, OPPRESSED LOGIC, WANDA CHROME, VERY METAL, THE JERKOFFS, RAT BASTARDS, 4TH CLASS, BRASS BACKS, US BOMBS, WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES, THE BOILS, and USR. SS
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

V/a- "Built for Speed" CD

What a great idea- have 11 very diverse bands cover one of the most influential bands that never got any credit from the punk scene. BLOOD FOR BLOOD, GROOVIE GHOULES, INTEGRITY, DROPKICK MURPHYS, SKARHEAD, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, CHROME LOCUST, ZEKE, FARHENHEIT 451, TERRA FIRMA and (REO) SPEEDEALER all do a Motorhead song. A well put together comp, but with a lineup like that I honestly expected a little more punch. SS
(Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

V/a- "Gunman in the Clocktower" 7"

Hey, yeah, GUTBUCKET, I like it. Gutbucket's opening song sets a lightning fast, hard-hitting pace to this five band 7". RECKLESS ABANDON, SIRR ISSAC LYME, LOST CAUSE, and DISTEMPERED all follow suit with mid to fast-paced punk, alternating from song to song between poppy & melodic and hard & fast. The best name for a song award on this comp goes right into the hands of Distempered for their "Bitch I Told You." This is Denver's Reminiscent Records' first release. Give me and insert with lyrics and pics and keep delivering five good bands on one EP and I'll be easily won over. SS
(Reminiscent,

V/a- "Hot CurlyWeenie Vol. 2" CD

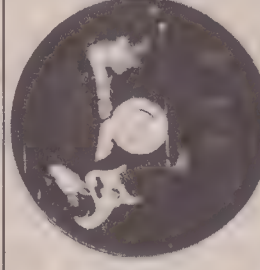
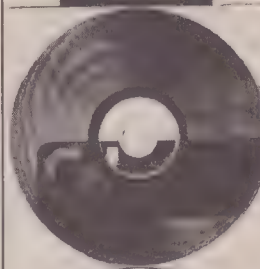
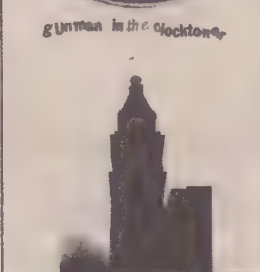
28 tracks of music (+3 sound tracks) from the guys at recess. Bands: Quincy Punx, Furious George, F.Y.P., The Grumpies, Sex Offenders, Dwarves, Jag Offs, Berzerk, Pud, Hidden Resentments, Stun Guns, Kankersores, John Cougar Concentration Camp, The Criminals, The Crumbs, The Four Letter Words, and Les Turds. Highlights are F.Y.P.'s "Buried" and "Toss my Cookies," and The Grumpies "Amy's Song." Also worthy of noting above the rest is Furious George's tracks, The Dwarves "Free Cocaine," Stun Guns (need your Substitutes fix?, here's a close alternative), and Kankersores "360" (very At the Drive In -ish). All for a suggested retail of \$3.98, you can barely get two used 7"s for that!! Take the gamble on this compilation, the odds are definitely with you. MB
(Recess, PO Box 112 Torrance, CA 90505)

V/a- "Identity Five" CD

Whoa- this is metal. Not hardcore metal, not speed metal, I mean old school guitar rock metal. I'm talking about long, technical songs with long self-indulgent guitar solos. A couple bands on here have deep growly voices, and others have crazy high singing voices that sound like Poison or Whitesnake. I love it, it's absolutely great and makes me feel all warm inside when I hear it. There's even a track on here from Turmoil, which is pretty good. But the album as a whole is just so metal that it hurts! Check it out, it rules. EM
(Century Media, 1453-A 14th Street #234, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

V/a- "Life in the Fat Lane" CD

This is the fourth CD comp in the ongoing Fat series. Throw all of the Fat bands (including the new signees like Sick of it All and Frenzal Rhomb) onto a disc and you know what'll come out. The highlights of these comps are always the unreleased gems which make them worth buying. This time we have an unreleased song from Avail and No Use for a Name. Fat also claims an unreleased NOFX song but if you have the "Timmy the Turtle" ep then you could call them on their shit. My favorite fat bands are of course the Swingin' Utters, and the English bands (Consumed, Snuff and Goober Patrol). SS
(Fat, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119)



V/a- Not So Quiet On The Western Front" CD
Now see it all depends on how you look at things- is the glass half full or half empty. This is the re-release of one of the greatest SW USA compilation of all time and you either say it's a shit thing that people would try to cash in on such a classic, or you could say it's a godsend to

make it available to punk kids who never had the opportunity to get the original and won't now that collectors are paying bundles for it. This is the compilation that signaled the beginning of MRR and includes 47 bands that symbolize the early 80's California and Nevada scenes, including such big names as SOCIAL UNREST, 7 SECONDS, FANG and the DEAD KENNEDY'S. A classic comp that you should not miss out on hearing at least once. SS
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

V/a- "Of Things To Come" CD

This is a soundtrack to a snowboarding film and it contains a very diverse range of bands (Dillinger Four, Anti-Flag, Supersuckers, Good Riddance, Pinhead Circus, Hatebreed, Bouncing Souls, Swingin' Utters, H2O, Pegboy, Pezz, Voodoo Glow Skulls, Zeke.) My favorites were Dillinger Four, Anti-Flag, and Bouncing Souls. The only song that I didn't like was the Voodoo Glow Skulls remix of Ugly Stick, they remixed it to a dance beat and it sucks real, real bad, I don't know what the hell they were thinking. Overall a good range of bands, a definite must for all you snowboarding fans. DH
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

V/a- "Serial Killer" CD

Fearless brings out the big guns with such perennial favorites as the Queens, Strung Out, Diesel Boy and Pulley. Also includes good tracks from BigWig, Douglas, and The Overdrives. Overall a very solid release with good sound quality and very few tracks that did not fit the mood. Good CD to keep around when you just aren't sure what you are really want to listen to, but it needs to be punk. JF
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545 Westminster, CA 92683)

V/a- "Skins and Pins" CD

All in all this is an excellent documentation of what's been going on the very active streetpunk and oi movements in the US over the last year. 28 bands do 28 songs and their music will open your eyes and ears to this genre. Highlights for me included the PINKERTON THUGS, PRESSURE POINT, the ANTI-HEROS, There's even a very nice foldout collage with pictures of just about every band. This will make you quit your day job and take up street life, Oil SS
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

V/a- Swing Sucks" CD

As proven by this Liberation Records compilation, Swing does suck. This follows in the footsteps of 'Punk Sucks' and 'Ska Sucks'. The addition of 'Swing Sucks' just seems to be somebody's stupid, sellout, bad idea. Furthermore, they are at least a year late on the meat of the swing craze. So Liberation, if you're going to do something stupid and trendy, at least do it at the right time. This is a compilation of modern, finger-snapping, hat-trick-doing, whiskey-drinking, swing façade. If you have any interest in Swing, screw this Cherry Popping Daddies crap and listen to some real swing like Benny Goodman or Woody Herman. DH
(Liberation, PO Box 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817)

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VANDALS, +MORE
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FOR TICKETS AND INFO: BLUEBIRD THEATER BOX OFFICE
3317 E Colfax Ave, 303-329-6353

I got several really good publications this time around and encourage you all to keep sending them in. I finally got the chance to read through my Zine Guide #2 and want to encourage you all to pick one up, it's really quite a good reference- for zines looking for trades, for labels looking for places to advertise and for bands looking for interviews. All these reviews were done by me <Stefan> so if you have a gripe with something I said then blow up my mailbox instead of those of others in the RITH family. I encourage the rest of you to read as many zines as possible. Zines are the future of literary masterpieces- Shakespeare the punk isn't going to looking for a big publisher to do his massive books, he'll start out in zines and get the attention of the loyal underground- history will prove me right.

Adorn #6

Aargg, these pages really screwed me up. There is one pair of pages that they decided to glue together and my fingers get real confused when they do things like this to me. This is a great example of a cut n paste zine with some heart put into it. The reader is unsure where the five thirty-second page ad ends and the zine begins, but it doesn't matter because this offers an almost exciting challenge as one flips through the pages of columns on straightedge and hair. There's also some poems (the feature being an AIDS poem), and interview with Blue Zits and some other funny pieces that are made personal by the editor's spelling.



\$1 in the mail- 32 pages, half size paper
PO Box 892, Hartville, OH 44632

Brat #8

I was so excited after reading how BRAT does not want advertisers because advertising clients and their dollars corrupt the content of a zine. Flip back a few pages to the Initial ad and the reviews section. Flip forward to see BRAT's Louisville address. Let's all take a guess as to whether the new Boy Sets Fire CD on Initial will get a good or bad review in Brat. That aside, Brat is a damn fine publication. The cover drew my attention from the start and I ended up reading the piece on "Emergency Contraception." There's a wealth of information to be found in here, all topics that are in line with BRAT's attempt at covering issues that are sometimes brushed off by the mainstream, big-boy media. This will turn into something, mark my words. It already has.

\$2.00, 56 pages of half newsprint, half better paper
PO Box 4964, Louisville, KY 40204-0964

Chumpire #114

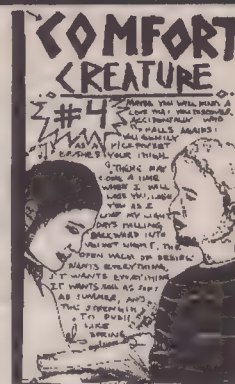
I actually got sent the last four issues of Chumpire, not just #114. Chumpire is a one-paged collection of reviews and thoughts on zines, books, movies and music, all put together in story format. It's a light read and won't take up more than a small trip to the toilet-- Hell, I know several people who could read this multiple times over and still be on the toilet-- but its still a good read and entertaining.

Stamp, one single page, double sided
PO Box 680, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

Comfort Creature #4

This is in the minority of zines that I actually read cover to cover. People might think that just because I did read this all the way, I'd recommend it. Hell, people might think that I'd especially recommend it because its creator wrote something somewhere in

this very issue, but not here! No, we want to stir some controversy, add some excitement and ball shaking terror into the mixing bowl. My favorite thing about a personal zine (like this one) is when the editor gives their account of a situation which makes other people involved look like assholes. Editor Scott told me that one of the girls mentioned (but not named mind you) actually told him that she was suing for slander (he he). But that's what we want isn't it? We want to hear the true stories about the people-whose-names-but-not-characters-have-been-changed and all the shit the say. The truth hurts. Comfort Creature is the truth. As "emo" as it sounds, CC is not, and I like it.



40 pages half size and copied
PO Box 4251, Boulder, CO 80302

Don't Fear The Sweeper #666

This is truly the scum of the earth, and damn proud of it. Texas Jim tells it like he sees it, no matter how messed up that may be. But the messed up parts of this rag make it a damn riot. This issue comes with some of renegade cartoonist Mike Diana's comics which are sure to scar you for life and leave you ugly enough that nobody would ever want to take you in marriage ever. For the most part, everyone will get offended and the editor sometimes gets a lot of crap about things he says or draws, but the key thing to remember is that he is no way discriminatory against any one group, his insults are directed at EVERYONE. That's right, it's open season on you the moment you crack this latest installment open.

\$1 ppd. 40 pages copied, but real good paper
842 Dahlia, Denver, CO 80220



Fort Fungus Times #2

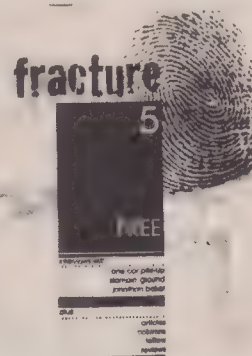
Those of you unfamiliar to the satirical brainchild, The Onion, would no value to my comparisons, so I'll try to avoid them. The FFT is a rapidly growing satirical paper revolving mainly around happenings in Ft. Collins, Colorado, home of Colorado State University. What sets this paper above the other satirical ones around is its focus on the punk and underground scenes. #2, for example, has a long talk with Jello Biafra, an interview with Bill the Welder, an article on No Means No and a funny piece acclaiming the release of a punk rock John Denver tribute. They even do some music and print reviews to support the punk community. A good paper to read for shits and grins.

Big newspaper size, 12 pages of newsprint
PO Box 220, Fort Collins, CO 80522

FRACTURE #5

So this is the almighty FRACTURE from England. I am definitely impressed and am happy to see that the UK is still kicking strong with efforts like FRACTURE. #5 comes with interviews with ONE CAR PILE UP, STOMPIN' GROUND and JONATHAN BAKER as well as some good local columns and a good one on "Revolution in the Workplace." The record and zine review sections have a good mix of American and English titles although I would have almost like d to see more UK reviews than US reviews. A good zine to pick up to get the English's perspective on things.

\$25 for 10 issues, 80 pages of good



newsprint and some red ink.
PO Box 623, Cardiff, CF3 9ZA, Wales, UK

PO Box 7911, Boulder, CO 80306

Genetic Disorder #15

Larry is a great writer. In this issue he details his experiences on the Kill Zinesters tour where he hit the road with a couple of other zine editors to sell their wares. A lot of his writing gave me insight on what I should get from and expect on RITH's own summer 99 tour but the best parts were when he details the personality conflicts that arose over the course of the trip. The layout is done really well with a minimal amount of ads and absolutely no reviews (because this issue is COMPLETELY devoted to recounting the tour). Reading this is getting into the sometimes sick and demented head of an aging (doh, maybe I shouldn't have used those exact words) zinesters head who has 'been there, done that.'

64 white pages and a full color cover
PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175

High School Sucks #2

What caught my eye from the very beginning was the football player on the cover who was sporting a jersey from my old high school's rival team. Small world, eh? I guess it also makes me realize that yeah, high school did suck partly because of those football players, and I bet it still does for millions of kids in schools across the country. These are the reflections of the editor here as she presents her feelings in one long monologue that reads quite interesting and will be easy to relate to for anyone who is going, or has gone through, high school. This is a sincere and proactive approach at relieving the boredom and frustration through words, pictures and recipes.

2x 33 cent stamps, 24 pages, half size and copied
Elizabeth, 1015 S. Gaylord, PO Box 247-B, Denver, CO 80209

IN EFFECT #12

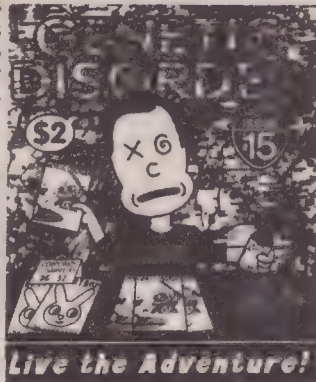
Now this was a surprise. This is an excellent New York City Hardcore zine that has sprung into an authority for current hardcore happenings in this city. #12 has interviews with UNDERDOG, VISION, KILL YOUR IDOLS, GREY AREA, HOODS, and a decent (but not more) diary of the Awkward Thought European tour. Even the ads scream hardcore to me as I flip through the pages and see all of the current hardcore labels in the US and Europe displaying their wares. My favorite part of this issue was the New York Top 20 HC album's of all time. Looking over the descriptions that the editor's gave each of the albums they chose, I see several that I have come to love over the years and it brings me back to days of the simple but energetic hardcore that helped me through my last year of junior high. A great read.

thick with a glossy color cover, 132 pages
PO Box 710060 Laguardia Airport Stn., Flushing, NY 11371

The Infection #5

Well shit, another issue already, I'm impressed. As far as free things go, The Infection still provides a good read. In here there are comics about punk rock kids mutilating your typical yuppies outside of Starbucks. Basically, picture any fantasy you have regarding the people you pass on the street every day. The Infection takes your sudden urge to kill someone and puts it down on paper. Beat out locally only by Don't Fear the Sweeper in its genre.

20 pages, copied and stapled



La Mala Manzana #5

Sometimes you can tell when a zine is the only written outlet for a region and that is the case here. Jeff + company are passionate about providing Southern CO with a zine of their own and it's warming to see ads done by local clothing places and record stores. In #5 we have interviews with Funeral Oration, The Deadites, The Mansfields, and Dickerson Virgil. But more than the interviews in this issue, we have articles on everything from stretching your ear lobes to punk as religion and back. The reviews are scattered throughout and it almost gives this zine a unique feel that one can't find elsewhere.

\$1 ppd, 32 pages, newsprint
PO Box 1712, Colorado Springs, CO 80901

The Leviathan #1

Geesh- it took me four issues to get the balls to put a picture of myself in RITH, This guy Mike has the inside cover filled with just his picture. Needless to say, this guy's in for a wild ride once the "zine community" gets a hold of his ass.

20 pages, half size copied with a yellow-papered cover
c/o Mike Brown, 726 East 330 South #8, SLC, UT 84102

Midget Breakdancing Digest #11

The Midget continues to grow at a rate which is uncharacteristic for your every-day midget. With this issue, MBD continues to dive head first into the world of "emo as we know it today" with interviews with Fireside, Jimmy Eat World, Tanger, Muddle fanzine and some emo guy named Virgil Dickerson whoever the hell that is. There's a nice big spread (the way I like them) with Shepard Fairey, the guy who did all the Andre the Giant stickers that you started to see popping up everywhere in junior high. They even printed a stencil of the Giant himself which was impractical because of the paper it's on, but we all know that I love stencils and feel that stenciling is a form of art and expression that has much been overlooked by today's punk rockers. The zine has started to settle in and find it's niche and is feeling more homely with each issue.

\$1 ppd, 48 pages of newsprint
PO Box 271, Hygiene, CO 80533

Outlandish #2

Hey! This guy lived in Colorado through elementary and middle schools! This actually quite a nice little zine and it really captured my curiosity. At first I was only going to flip through it and read whatever couple of pieces interested me, but now it got a place on my bedstand. This guy Chad has hand writing very similar to mine and it is with ease that I tackle on his 56 pages of hand (minus a short typed article thrown in here) written thoughts, organized in longer installments, similar to a Cometbus but with a local feel that big personal zines can't always have.

56 pages half-size, copied with a purple-papered cover
Chad and Laura, 9826 E Topaz, Scottsdale, AZ 85258

Revenge of the Nerds #1

This is almost too short for me to get a handle on. There is a reprinted interview with SERVOTRON (those guys that think they're robots) and a handful of music and zine reviews (when I say a handful I mean about five of each, depending on how any you fingers you have). All in all this takes me nowhere inside the editor's head, except for that he likes the guys that do Wonka Vision.

12 pages (half size), copied
c/o Brian Esser, 111 Shady Ct., Longwood, FL 32750

Roadkill Zine #2

Aaaahhh! The first thing that comes to mind when one sees the "A Ska, Punk, and Skateboard Zine" banner across the cover is terrifying images of many such zines gone wrong. There is not many a Thrasher. I enjoyed the "Airplanes Suck!" column just because I rely on them for transportation and find it scary that there are people that HATE airplanes that might plant a bomb on the plane that I happen to be flying in. There's an Ann Beretta interview here which is a good thing, but the interview barely makes the average interview grade. The skateboarding part of



Plus: Servotron interview, music and zine reviews

the zine isn't that bad, with an article on how to start, one on shoes and some pictures that take up too much space but are pretty good nonetheless. Hell, if you're new to the scene and live in Florida, this would be a pretty good read. It's just that I'm not horribly interested in reading 3 full pages of a 16 point font Blink 182 show review.

36 pages on better-than-average paper, copied
c/o John Hittel, 2625 NE 23rd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305

Rude International #3

Rude is really turned into something excellent. Ska, punk, oi, all of your favorite bands put on some nice paper with no hint of selling out whatsoever. There's a hearty section of news and rumors, keeping you up-to-date on happenings across the world, happenings you seriously couldn't read about anywhere else. In this issue there's the start of a gambling column that will help even the most experienced money shark. The best article in here is the piece on the Las Vegas skinhead murders in which a pair of ARA skins were taken to the desert and shot to death by neo-nazis. The piece is informative and extremely well written, only a hint of the goodness in Rude. The pictures in Rude are of a higher caliber than just about every punk zine on the planet. With in-depth pictures of the MM Bosstone wedding, the US Bombs, Joe Strummer, The Skoidats, everyone gets a chance to shine on the pages of Rude.

\$3.50, 68 nice pages with the full color cover
PO Box 391302, Cambridge, MA 02139

Slug & Lettuce #58

"A zine supporting the do-it-yourself ethics of the punk community." A-men. Some people say that you grow out of and away from punk as you get older. They say that the natural progression is for a rebellious kid looking for acceptance to mature into a nice college student with some old punk shirts tucked away somewhere in the closet. But the do-it-yourself ethic is something that I find hard to grow out of. I see more and more of my friends "mature" away from this underground that we have created. The ideals get washed over and they forget about fine publications like S & L #58, complete with the usual reviews, a great article on animals and editor Christine's thoughts which I find easy to relate to.

55 cents, 12 big fold out newspaper pages
PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632

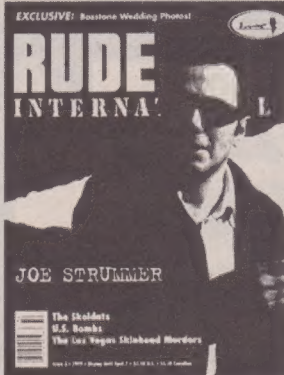
So What? #2

"This is not a man hating zine" touts the front cover, immediately attracting my attention. I always find it easier to read a zine when the writers don't HATE me. The other day there was this ex-chief of the Navajo Nation on campus called Ms. Wilma Mankiller. I would have loved to hear her talk on feminism in the Native American community, but with a name like that, why the hell would I go and set myself up for sure death. One look through my girl costume at my little bulge and she would have certainly ended my life. The editors of So What have some brains in them as they question the placement of NATO troops in Kosovo (thank you). I enjoyed reading the perspective of these two female editors, it really helped me establish where they were coming from + I really appreciate hearing from more women in our scene.

20 pages half size, copied
8133 S. Fillmore Way, Littleton, CO 80122

Spank #26

Spank is a nice zine done on heavier paper out of Des Moines by the tag team siblings Michelle and Doug



Daugherty. This is the first Spank in which people's columns were printed, but for the most part, Spank remains a home for interviews and reviews. In this issue we have Anti-Flag, The Rondelles, Retriever, Endearing Records, Faster Tiger, Bluetip, Jimmy Eat World, and Empty Records. For the most part, the interviews are rather short and do go into a lot of detail, yet they make up for it by interviewing bands and people that you wouldn't hear from otherwise. Good zine, fun cover, check it out.

\$3.00 ppd, 56 pages on thicker paper with a thick ass cover
Michelle & Doug, 1004 Rose Avenue, Des Moines, IA 50315-3000

Suburban Voice #42

Oh yes, thick and filled to the brim with millions upon millions of words ready to be soaked up by readers. As if the included single with unreleased songs by some of the featured bands wasn't enough, SV #42 is filled with a New England/ Boston special which includes interviews with the following bands: Dropkick Murphys, Pinkerton Thugs, Ducky Boys, The Trouble, The Unseen, Fit For Abuse, and 30 Seconds Over Tokyo. But the chaos doesn't stop there with additional interviews with Subhumns, The Boils, Final Conflict, and Special Duties. People always gave me a hard time when I interviewed more than 5 bands an issue but Al knows that better than that. Reading SV is an enlightening experience which just goes further to prove that the hardcore punk scene of today is in full effect.

\$4.00 ppd, 132 pages, newsprint, with slick cover, includes 7" with
THE TROUBLE, FIT FOR ABUSE, PINKERTON THUGS
PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903-2746



Tailspins #32

Tailspins has long been a good source for reading pleasure. The typical tailspins usually features a couple of mid to long sized essays most probably written by college students associated with the magazine who go to school in Evanston. In this issue we have the story behind "The Bobby Fuller Four" which I didn't particularly care for, but also a good article on Trepanation which is when you pop a hole a in your school for mental and almost spiritual benefits that I found fascinating (no, I didn't go drill me a hole right away). The cover also boasts "over 600 Music Reviews" and I'll let you take that as you like. Also includes a good interview with Skot Olsen and others with The Makers, Built To Spill, and stories on The Dead Naked Frozen Guy and American Sex Devices.

\$4, 124 pages of newsprint and a glossy, color cover
PO Box 1860, Evanston, IL 60204



WONKA VISION #6

Well the first thing that we notice about this latest installment of New York's Wonka Vision is the full color cover with a picture of the guy in THE PILFERS towering over a city scene. This issue also contains interviews with THE BOILS, VIOLENT SOCIETY, THE CUFFS, AT THE DRIVE-IN, GBH, the Small Publishers Co-op, and a band that is actually called PUBLIC URINATION. There are also a few well thought out columns and some that I don't want to read by just glancing over them. Rounding out the zine is a ton of record reviews that aren't in alphabetical order and thus I find it too cumbersome to read through them. A nice look at punk rock going on in New York, especially because the Wonka guys never fail to support their own local organizations as well as the nationals, supplying us with interviews of even the smallest NYC punk acts of today.

\$2.00 ppd, newsprint with color cover, 60 pages
206 Twining Ford Rd., Richboro, PA 18954.



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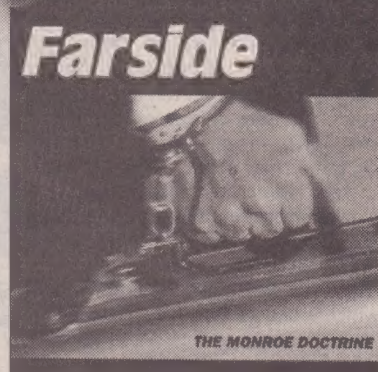
Features members of 108 and Resurrection.



GAMEFACE ☆ LP/CD Every Last Time

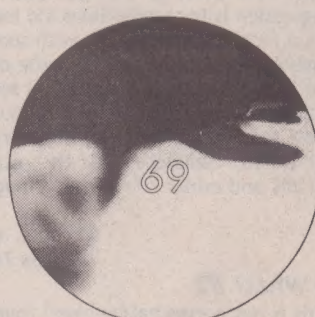
"...guitar-heavy, hook-based tunes that benefit from pristine production and Gameface's skill at laying it's emotional cards face up on the table.

-CMJ Magazine



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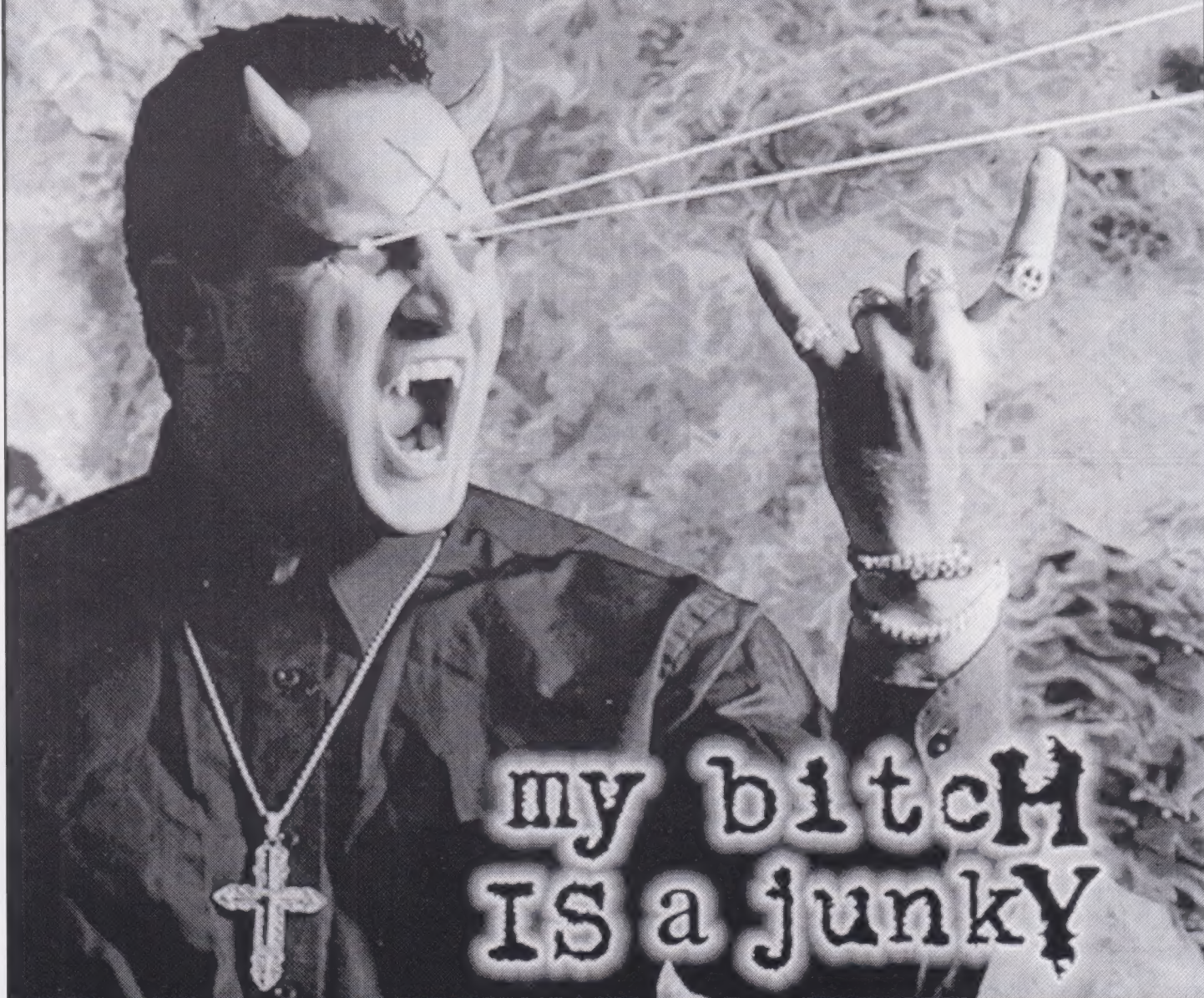
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